

NONCE OR NEVER

JOURNAL OF THE BRITISH AMATEUR MAN BOY INTIMATES

**WAS JESUS A
PAEDOPHILE?**

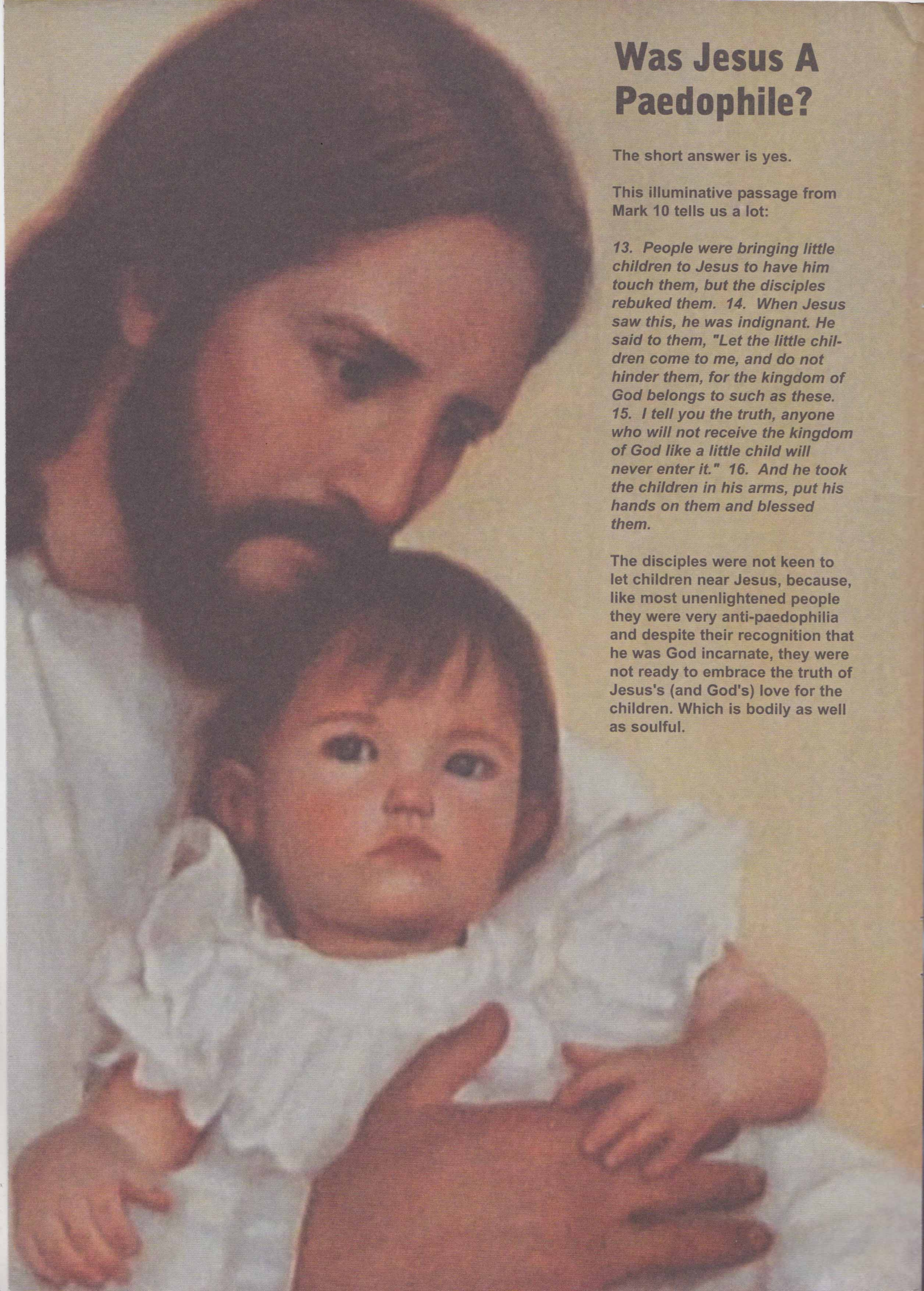
**DENOUNCE
PETON Now!**

**UNITY BETWEEN
CHRISTIAN AND
MOSLEM NR
ACTIVISTS**

**EXPERT TIPS FOR
THOSE NEW TO
NONCING**



NOW INCORPORATING MAN GIRL ADVOCACY



Was Jesus A Paedophile?

The short answer is yes.

This illuminative passage from Mark 10 tells us a lot:

13. People were bringing little children to Jesus to have him touch them, but the disciples rebuked them. 14. When Jesus saw this, he was indignant. He said to them, "Let the little children come to me, and do not hinder them, for the kingdom of God belongs to such as these. 15. I tell you the truth, anyone who will not receive the kingdom of God like a little child will never enter it." 16. And he took the children in his arms, put his hands on them and blessed them.

The disciples were not keen to let children near Jesus, because, like most unenlightened people they were very anti-paedophilia and despite their recognition that he was God incarnate, they were not ready to embrace the truth of Jesus's (and God's) love for the children. Which is bodily as well as soulful.

About Nonce or Never



Nonce or Never is the mouth-piece of British Amateur Man Boy Intimates (BAMBI). We have reclaimed the word 'nonce' from those sick adultfuckers who write their hate campaigns in the newspapers. We are nonces and proud. But current taboos mean we must be proud in secret. But we're still extremely proud.

Although we started as a Man Boy only organisation, now we've opened up to allow Man Girl advocacy. But we loved BAMBI as a name so much we had to keep it.

Coming Together

(But Not Like That Again)

For Closer Cooperation Between Christian
and Moslem Nonce Rights Activists



Won't someone
think about the
children?

Christians and Moslems share the same God. True believers should also emulate the noncery of Jesus and Mohammed (Peace Be Upon Him). And those true believers need to work together. The shameful events of NonceCon 08 should never happen again. Moslems and Christians should be working together, not fucking each other. It's hard enough to organise these events, without them degenerating into some kind of sordid childless orgy. Especially since homosexuality is specifically forbidden in both Christian and Moslem texts.

Some would also say that Jewish activists should be involved. But we don't want them because The Jews killed Jesus. And they would have killed Mohammed PBUH if they'd

had a chance.

I digress. Christians and Moslems need to march under a common banner. Not that of watered down liberal religion, we need to return to fundamental principles. Fucking children was central to the lives of both Mohammed PBUH and Jesus and we, as practicing Christians and Moslems, need it to be part of our lives. Through united campaigning we need to make it common knowledge that Mohammed PBUH had sex with a nine year old. We need it to be known that Jesus was actively fiddling with children, challenging the prejudices of the time. We need to challenge these ignorant laws which forbid us from practicing our religion.

God is with us, now go forth and activate!

Practical Help for the Beginner Nonce Activist

While it may at first seem like a very uphill struggle to convince people of the rectitude of noncercy, you may find the following ideas and stock responses useful. Day to day discussions are the most important of all forms of nonce activism. It is by winning hearts and minds in our communities and workplaces that noncercy will go from being an illicit practice, to being an accepted and legal pastime.

How you dress is important. The image of the kiddy fiddler is of a middle aged, badly dressed, glasses wearing man. We need to change this. For the sake of the movement, think about laser eye surgery or contact lenses. Think of a sex change. Buy some new clothes you cheapskates! It's a small price to pay if it means members of your extended family will be able to have sex with your grandchildren without fear of prosecution.

Most communication is non-verbal, so while talking it is important to maintain a good posture. Try not to drool, spit or do anything weird. I remember a hot shot, we called him Timmy 'The Train' O'Toole. In writing he could deal with any argument, (penning many articles for this very publication in the past) but in person he couldn't convince anyone of a damn thing. This was because he always had a model train poking out from his flies, which he stroked non stop. This kind of amateurism has cost the movement dear. We need to say 'Cheerio' to this kind of lunacy and 'Hello' to a more mature approach.

It is important to come across as the good guy in all communication. Put noncercy in terms of children's rights. Never talk about your own desires, this portrays you as selfish. Onto some examples:

"Well, someone's got to fuck these children. I mean, they're not going to



fuck themselves are they? And we all like to have sex, don't we? Or are you a gaylord who doesn't like to have sex?"

See what I've done here - any real man's man will have to say that they like sex. And they will likely get carried along with this argument. This method of blurring the lines works for the Sun, the Mail and all the other hysteria press, and it can work for us too.

"Do you want your kid to grow up and be crap in bed because no one's had sex with him? And then become really neurotic, die his hair black and start a crappy band and wear trousers so tight that he becomes infertile and probably

gay? Then what'll granny think when he turns up to Christmas dinner with his boyfriend?" Then pause for effect. "Granny will be thinking - if only you'd taken him to church to be taught a thing or two about sex. Or sent away to stay with crazy Uncle Arthur."

Most people aren't ready to embrace noncercy publicly. They will express disgust or distaste. They may even physically assault you, brick your windows or set fire to your car. But your words will register somewhere. They will work their magic.

Choose your words wisely, and noncercy awaits!

Denounce PEToN

Now!



We here at BAMBI feel that the actions of PEToN (People for the Ethical Treatment of Nonces) have gone unchallenged for too long. They're bringing shame and disrepute on the nonce rights movement. For those who are not overly familiar with PEToN, here is a potted history.

Formed in 1981 by Margaret Thatcher and her child lover Peter 'Pan' Sandwich, PEToN's advocacy and string pulling have, in truth, done a lot to protect nonces and full credit should go to Margaret for her hard work. However the recent switch in approach has broken the bounds of decency.

The 'Babies With Tits' advocacy campaign is a step too far. By trying to merge mainstream sexuality with our

own serves neither. If anything, seeing a baby with tits has turned former movement paedophiles away from the true path and back into 'normal' relations. This sexualising of adult female breasts works against the movement and I urge all BAMBI members and supporters to withdraw support from PEToN. Of course similar criticisms apply to the 'Toddlers With Massive Arm Cannons, Pecs and Firm Tight Abs' campaign of the previous year.

Perhaps these changes of direction are a consequence of Margaret's declining mental state. Let us hope that this superstar of the nonce rights movement will die before she undoes all her previous decades of hard work.



The legendary Thatcher 'Hey Baby' look

The Revenge of Gaia — by James Lovelock & The Age of Stupid — directed by Franny Armstrong

Calling It Green Don't Make It Right

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are gathered on the horizon, their steeds breathe hard, nostrils exhaling through Earth's choked and poisonous air... but it's not

these beasts of destruction, no... these riders are human flesh and blood with a bit of brain here and there as well. Formed in the comment pages of the Guardian and the Independent, cast in the hand wringing guilt collage corridors of Humanities and Science and the essence of life injected into the vein by the liberal laboratorics. George Monbiot, environmental everyman, darling of the Pritus owning chattering classes. Jonathan Porritt, a lone and neutered banshee in the parliamentary wilderness. Al Gore, born again eco-warrior freed from the chains of whatever he did between 1993 and 2000. And bringing up the rear, James Lovelock with his on the hoof Earth interconnected hypothesis...

Gaia. What is it? Recent festival goers lately may just consider it a new manufacturer of tents. But the word itself goes back into Greek mythology, the female offspring of Chaos maturing into Earth Mother or Earth Goddess. Lovelock has taken this ancient deity and co-opted it into his theory of the earth being a complex entity (unlike the other dead rocks floating round in the solar system) involving the atmosphere, seas and soil. Basically, the Earth regulates itself to allow stabilisation of global temperature. And according to Lovelock's 'Revenge of Gaia', Man is fucking up this optimal environment regulation. Verging on the hippy side but a theory worth investigating maybe.

However, not 'til you clear the first chapter do you find that any notions of hippy spiritualism are quickly dispensed with. Lovelock is a scientist and he will tell you this at least once every chapter. We tread over familiar ground here, environmental tipping points such as global temperatures rising by three degrees over the next fifty years. Rainforest decline subsequently releasing more CO2 back into the next fifty years. Rainforest decline

the atmosphere. Glaciers melt raising the oceans and flooding coastline cities. Agricultural areas become barren causing mass human migration and societal collapse. This is all dealt with in books such as Mark Lynas's 'Six Degrees and Lynas', who unlike Lovelock, has a far better understanding of the social and psychological implications instead of just scientific reduction.

So what are Lovelock's blueprints for climate change disaster prevention? I had to read one section three times, rubbing my eyes in disbelief at the words on the page. Maybe the opening plaudits for 'Revenge of Gaia' should have primed me for what was to come. The lines of praise for the book come from the usual broadsheet suspects and the Spectator. New Statesmen and GQ magazines, not a single word from the likes of Greenpeace. Friends of the Earth or the Green Party. And the reason for that is clear by chapter two. Lovelock does not envisage banks of white propeller turbines turning in the wind. Lovelock sees the alternative to coal and gas as our main energy supplier in the plutonium rod. Nuclear power is the saviour here and Lovelock being a scientist tells us that the new reactors are as reliable as any modern engineering can be. Analogies are peppered throughout 'Revenge of Gaia' to illustrate Lovelock's point. Could I venture a counter one to his faith in nuclear reactor safety, in that the modern car now has crumple zones, ABS braking and air bags but car crash fatalities are still a daily occurrence. Tokyo had to turn off its reactor in August this year due to an earthquake. The waste of spent fission with a half life of a hundred years would be buried only for our children's children to inherit it later. What would dear old Mother Gaia say of that then? Poorly hidden hypocrisy by a so called learned mind, probably.

If James Lovelock was not a name you'd come across before, maybe Franny Armstrong the film director may ring a bell. Armstrong directed the seminal 'McLibel', the documentary about the two anarchist activists Dave Morris and Helen Steel prosecuted by McDonald's for libel. 2009 saw the release of 'The Age of Stupid', Armstrong's foray into the environmental arena. Obviously the climate change zeitgeist has had the media and artists queuing up for involvement and the director uses such musical talents as Radiohead and Depeche Mode, animations by Passion Pictures and Gorillaz and the talking

Some of the examples Armstrong employs tick all the right boxes as far as damage to the planet is concerned: The Chamounix mountain guide watching the glaciers melt as the highway gets closer and busier year by year, the evil shenanigans of the petrol companies in the Niger Delta. Both of these examples are looked at with a cool, compassionate eye. The Indian air mogul and the wind turbine entrepreneur are crass examples that goad and encourage the viewer's emotions with a pitch-fork prod. The Asian mogul is undoubtedly a twat but he is set up like an easy target pan-tomime villain to boo and hiss. Would the financial backers of 'Stupid' have gone along with a similar hateful job on the likes of Branson, Ryan Air and Easyjet? I wonder. The footage of the wind turbine developer's failure to gain a site due to NIMBY opposition is like being forced to peel onions in an enclosed space. The New Orleans oil riggers story as he returns to his home after Hurricane Katrina's battering is incoherent as he espouses the need for consumption, yet it is he that coins the term from which the film takes its name.

We have little in the way of hard economic theory, not once is the growth economy linked thus, climate change. The real enemies are skirted around or ignored. How much CO2 emissions does the Indian fledgling Go Air business shown in the film contribute in comparison to the coal stations of China or the wholesale rape of the tar pits in Alberta, Canada? The director and producers seem afraid to confront the world leaders and rely on small, local scenarios. Ultimately as the film draws to a close, the message is that we as individuals need to be as carbon neutral as possible, a suggestion aimed solely at the Western Middle Classes, a futility recently rubbished by the comedian Sean Locke as he washes out his Bovril jars whilst Shell and BP hack away at the Polar Ice Caps. An inoffensive film that will not trouble the real culprits of capitalism one iota. A sad, missed opportunity.

A final criticism of the film is its distribution. Out there on YouTube are eco documentaries such as the Yann Arthus Bertrand's visually stunning 'Home', high definition and free to view. Stupid has had its DVD release date put back month after month as they squeeze every last penny from private viewing rights and their website tries to emotionally blackmail you into not downloading on the sly. We're still in the Age of Money... ROB CROSS

Book of Numbers



THIS IS PROBABLY the most readable of this series so far, but also the most dull. It is not as messy as the shambolic Genesis but neither does it have the horror of Leviticus. With control of the Israelites having been brutally decided in the last book, Moses sets about structuring the family organisation and formalising everything, from the lucrative kickbacks to who is in charge of tent pegs.

Moses makes a bronze snake idol, before sending the Israelites into war against their neighbours. They are ruthless: they kill one lot of neighbours for being friendly and someone else who had saved the Israelites from attack. When the Israelites don't commit genocide Moses berates them and gets them to kill more of the women and children, making sure the priests get their share of the robbed goods and virgins.

There is a nod to the last book's style, when someone is stoned to death for just picking up sticks on the wrong day, but this comes across as stupid rather than scary. There is more magic and divination. God is still so constantly angry he has to be guarded by the Levi family in case he kills someone. Despite this he still gets out occasionally and kills a number of Israelites.

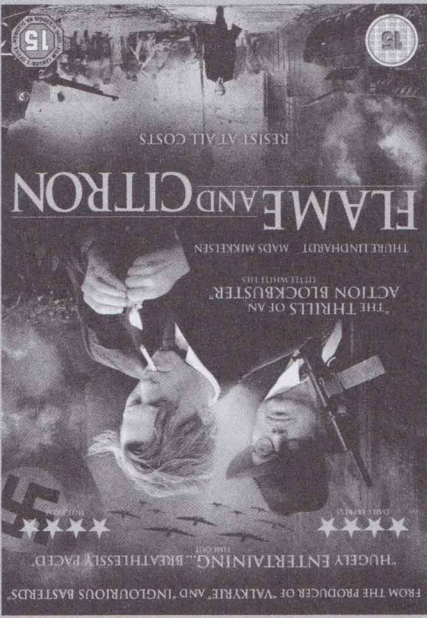
God becomes pissed off with Moses and Aaron, for a reason I don't understand. This confused me as I thought God might be Moses but, rather tellingly, this does help Joshua. I'm seeing this character in a new light, he has gone from being Moses' "young assistant", in Exodus, to his successor by the end of Numbers and he always seems to be there when God speaks. I'm not sure if the underplaying of Joshua is subtle writing or whether I'm just trying to give this book a meaning it doesn't merit.

HARRY K

Everyone with the slightest notion of life outside Norfolk has heard of the French Resistance and could conjure up a range of cultural references to back up this recognition. But how many of us are in any way acquainted with Danish resistance to their Nazi occupation during the Second World War? My own knowledge extends to a hazy notion that the Danes behaved pretty honourably to their Jewish population on the eve of invasion, evacuating them by boat, but beyond that I must admit I had no idea (and I'm not even sure I got that right). The story of two assassins code-named Flame and Citron is based on real events, and I found it both inspiring and terrifying in equally high measure.

The impression the film portrays of the resistance in Denmark is less of a co-ordinated network or underground army, more groups of enraged individuals who found each other and made use of their various skills and contacts to undermine the Nazis in whatever way possible, enjoying massive support from the general population. At the point where we join their story, Flame and Citron's gang have a thin link to London and are taking specific orders to shoot Danish collaborators. The task, while extremely dangerous, is unambiguous and there is no doubt as to the genuine treachery of the targets. But as the war progresses and political power struggles emerge on both the large and small scale, the grass-roots resistance fighters begin to question whether they are being played as pawns for someone else's agenda. It also becomes clear that they have at least one informer close to them. In this state of claustrophobic confusion, when their trust and integrity is continually being challenged, the gang cut themselves loose from the chain of command and decide to choose their own targets. Number one, the head of the Gestapo. No messing around.

Now I realise that filmmakers are apt to romanticise and that these two men were revered as folk heroes in Denmark - and it is a Danish film. But nevertheless, the representation of the characters and the horrific times they were living in, comes across as starkly realistic and devoid of the usual war movie clichés, so that you simply cannot help relating to them on a pretty deep level. I am not someone who watches a film to appraise the camera angles or cinematic imagery, but I can still appreciate a well-made film and was particularly moved by the reflection of the opening scene in the ending: it served to remind us of what they were fighting for (or, more to the point, against) and at the same time draws out our hatred for Nazis and collaborators just as



they had felt it as the tanks rolled in and the Gestapo started hunting people down. Some questions are left unanswered and this, I feel is how it should be: we are allowed little more information than the characters themselves had to work with, which brings us closer to them and the choices they had to make.

I left the cinema barely able to talk, so strong were the emotions it had stirred up. I don't know whether this would be the same with everyone, but certainly as an anarchist activist I felt transported to a city overrun with Nazi invaders and had to ask myself what I would do, how I would fight and how scared I would be. I can't honestly answer the former, who knows what they'd be driven to in such circumstances, either by bravery or fear. But I know I'd be petrified out of my wits and that chilling sensation remained with me long after the credits had rolled.

If I were to take the time to read Danish history and first hand accounts, perhaps it might transpire that Flame and Citron were nothing like their film characters and were in fact a pair of arrogant arseholes (although I really do hope not). But in a way that wouldn't matter: they fought with extreme courage and tenacity, they lived on a knife's edge as the most wanted men of the Copenhagen wartime regime, they ultimately rejected all authority rather than be used to kill anyone whose guilt they could not verify, and the Nazis did not manage to take either of them alive. That gets my admiration. LADY LUD

Flame and Citron

Directed by Ole Christian Madsen

£11.68 Metrodome Video

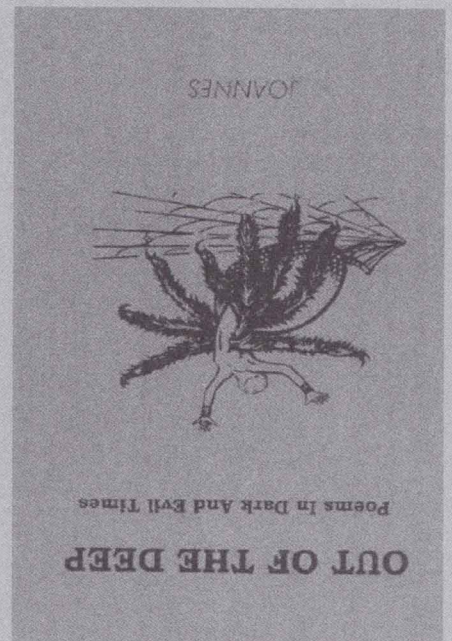
DVDs & Books

Out of the Deep

Poems in Dark and Evil Times

by Joannes

Published by Sceptre



I'd usually find this sort of thing pretty repellent, but since it's written in little rhyming couplets it's actually a rather jolly affair. I couldn't help but notice that the last batch of BNP party political broadcasts started with Nick Griffin saying "don't turn it off", suggesting that he's having trouble getting people to listen to him; perhaps he should take a leaf out of Joannes' book and start talking like Rupert the Bear. I mean, listen to this:

*"Supreme in battle, yet we bend,
To Brussels, Zion and UN.*

And can't tell enemy from friend.

As lions turned to wandering flocks,

We opened a Pandora's box.

Lost all and fitted Shylock's locks."

Of course, the book was clearly intended solely for people who are already radical rights, and as such the ramblings about gay people and Freemasons won't persuade any of us outside the target demographic to change our views. But there are still some sentiments that should appeal to hardened lefties:

*"Blair, Hague, Kennedy,
Godless trinity,*

On their little stage.

Punch and Judy things

On their little strings,

On their little stage."

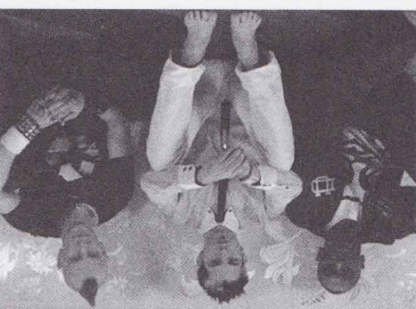
*"For Labour, Tory and the rest
Are different shirts on the same chest;
Whatever mask is fixed in place,
It hides the same satanic face."*

I must say, Joannes is really on to something here. Perhaps everyone else with fringe political views should take note: if you're going to talk rubbish, at least make it rubbish that rhymes. NEIL THE ART STUDENT

*"In this crusade
The Church should be
In battle full
Especially:
Yet we behold
No saints, no knights
But devils' deeds
And loathsome rites:
The jaggot and
The feminist;
The liberal,
The antichrist."*

It turns out that Joannes is some kind of radically right-wing crank. This extract from his poem "The Modern Church" sums up his position:

I often buy strange obscurities that I dig up second hand on Amazon, so when I came across a book called "Out of the Deep: Poems in Dark and Evil Times", its author mysteriously calling himself simply Joannes and its cover boasting Dungeons and Dragons-style clipart, I knew I had to bag myself a copy.



The Band With No
Name/TBC/Pop
Connections

TBWNN IS A bit like Prodigy, Eminem, Green Day and something else off the charts.

Schizophrenic Skin has a brilliant Prodigy style start and some angry nu-metal rapping, before horrible poppy inserts crash in, while parts of Shake It Down sound exactly, and I mean exactly, like Eminem. Yet, despite the feeling they are trying to cover too many bases, some of this has quite a punch.

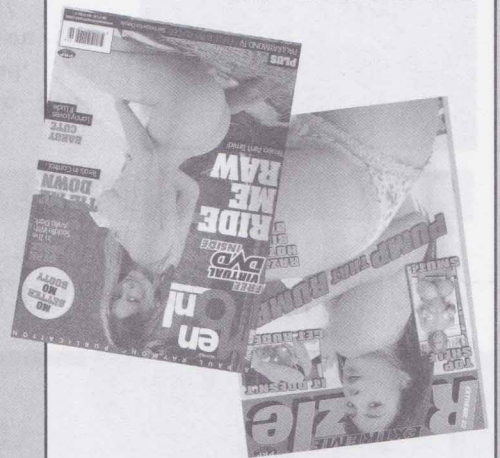
TBC is a typical girl band for pre-teens (think Steps - with a nod to Girls Aloud). Songs such as We'll Keep on Dancing are repetitive with occasional reverb vocals over a modern disco loop, but are catchy enough that, with enough alcohol - i.e. far too much, I could imagine myself dancing badly on the dance floor of some awful nightclub to this.

Both these bands are self-proclaimed "fronts" from Innervation, a Christian evangelising ministry: TBC is aimed at primary and TBWNN at secondary schools, although if Judas Priest had penned Dying to be There (about how great it is to die) I doubt they'd have seen schools opening their doors. I've been playing it backwards to look for "Do it now, tosser" but without success.

Another Innervation project is The Pop Connection, who contact lazy heads of primary schools to offer their kids a chance to put together their own CD and concert. The catchy songs push Christianity, creationism and sin. Once the kids are sucked in they are expected to "work" on their non-Christian parents to go to the concert, held at a local church that will be prepared with Alpha and parenting courses to catch the sudden influx. It's very, very, slick.

Fact: TBWNN's 2nd album is Schizophrenia. Anarcho punk/metal band: Amebix, were originally called The Band With No Name. Amebix influenced Sepultura whose 2nd album was... Schizophrenia.

Razzle & Men Only



WHO BUYS THIS STUFF?

I don't mean because it is disgusting filthy porn, I mean who buys it?

Anyone over the age of nine probably has access to as much free porn on the internet as you can fit into every hour of your day. And the variety is much wider: within minutes I got erotic photos, sex flicks and porn so hardcore it made me cringe, all for free.

The great bonus virtual DVD with Men Only promised full porn but did not even have visible genitalia, no vagina, no cock, not even a glimpse (for that I needed to sign up for the XXX version – yeah right).

Back to the magazines and Men Only has slightly classier photo shoots but that's it, it has only one story and that just went on about female ejaculation. Although we visited female ejaculation workshops in *Men Only* issue 5, it's still not a common thing. I get the feeling people reading it think that all women do it all the time, at the flick of a tongue. This slightly unreal world is also on display in the photos, where all the models' arses and that bit between the vag and the anus are airbrushed into strange shapes, it's slightly bizarre.

The photo shoots in Razzle are famously less polished but you do get more of them, ten to Men Only's six, and there are six stories instead of one. So for quantity Razzle rocks.

Both are Raymond publications. Paul Raymond bought most of the properties in Soho on the back of his porn mags, but since he died, his granddaughters are selling off the mags because they are no longer money spinners and not surprising: £3.95 from a shop-keeper or free on the net, it can only be old men with no IT knowledge left who still buy them. HARRY K

Hansi! The Girl who Loved the Swastika

Spire Christian Comics

top! Don't read this review! Go read the book - It is best read when you don't know where it is going next, or its history (both of which are coming up).

This brightly coloured comic book is brilliant and when I say brilliant I mean awful. It's 1938, the Nazis have come to town and Hansi, our Aryan heroine, is swept up by the Swastika, as well as the food, jobs and books the Nazis bring. She's a go getter and rises through the Hitler Youth, becoming anti-Christian, as the comic book shows us how science is just another word for Nazi. Hansi is so happy and through her youthfully exuberant eyes Nazis are great. This also seems to be the view of the comic book: the Nazis don't seem to do anything physically wrong. As the book says: once Hitler committed suicide the dream ended, the nightmare began.

And what a nightmare, because our Hitler Youth leader is captured by those Russian commie bastards, with their raping and concentration camps. Luckily she begins to remember Jesus and a miracle allows her to avoid being raped and escape, although the same miracle doesn't stop her fellow escapes getting shot dead. Hansi stumbles across some Americans, chewing gum, laughing and reading Archie comics – they don't want sex but bring her breakfast in bed instead.

She picks up her life in a country, ravaged by the thieving Russians. Thanks to her Hitler Youth training she gets a teaching job, but with her marriage on the line she turns to The Bible and God. Hansi then moves to America, in the sixties, which looks like something from the Furry Freak Brothers, and sets about visiting jails to warn of the dangers of communism and turn misguided, protesting, radicals into God fearing twats. This is presented as a good thing but actually reads as if she has swapped her easily led, eulogising, Nazi self righteousness into easily led, eulogising, self righteousness for God and the American right.

I sometimes wonder who, exactly, these Christian books are aimed at. This one is clear: Nazi Christians. The Nazis in this comic book aren't that bad – if only some of them hadn't been so anti Christian.



things might have worked out. If you're a Nazi you can still be saved.

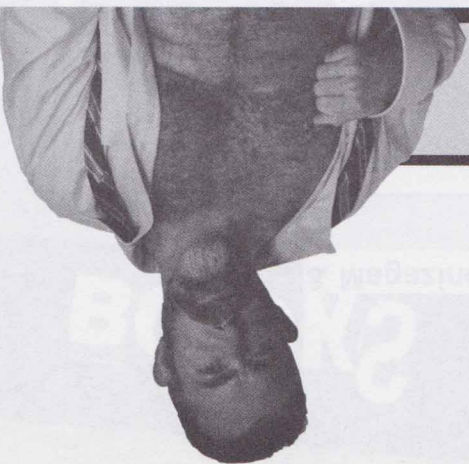
This makes sense when you realise that Hansi is based on the autobiography of Hitler Youth leader Maria Anna Hirschmann, who set up Hansi Ministries (Hansi: Help America to a New Spirit and Insight) where she can fight for God and the American way. If only Jewish journalists would let her get on with her work, instead of "torturing" her by asking her if she knew about the concentration camps. As Maria says: the Jews carry such hate and prejudices and fail to show any forgiveness, whereas she has completely forgiven her oppressors.

Maria currently preaches that we are in the end times and that the liberal, secular, media and Obama's election have paved the way for the return of National Socialism and the Antichrist, comparing Obama to Hitler, because, amongst other similarities, "they both wrote a book".

Her own book, which uses Nazis and raping commies to fly the flag for God and the USA, was published by Spire Christian Comics, a company with ties to Archie Comics who went on to have such success with their creation: Sabrina, the Teenage Witch! Seig Heil for God. HARRY K

Anarchy Aunt

With Hairy Jim



If you haven't already got a problem you soon will have...

CHRISTIANS ENDORSE MUM BUM SEX



Dear HJ,
I've got a friend that is a Christian. He hits his girlfriend and has sex with his mum. I'm baffled by how he squares these facts with his religion. Can you shed any light on the matter?

Love your column,
Jasper Coates,
Norwich

Dear Jasper Coates,
Thanks for the compliment, but I am not God. Ask him. Before you do though, check whether the penetration is happening in the front or back chuff. If it's the back chuff it is technically not sex according to The Bible. Loads of Christians view the a-hole as a loop-hole and happily bum until the cows come home without a shred of guilt. In case you are in any doubt about how long that is, THE COWS NEVER COME HOME! Most of them don't even keep cows. It's another double standard. Seriously. Go and check out a Silver Ring Thing convention. They're all bum crazy.
Forever Yours
Hairy.

Dear HJ,
I'm really scared of dying. I know it is inevitable but the thought of it fills me with dread. I lie in my garden crying often because of the pervasive darkness that clouds my mind. I don't believe in God, maybe my lack of faith doesn't help matters. What do you think? I really need your help Jim.
Dear Rosie,
Burnley.
Thanks for sharing these concerns which are obviously very personal to you. What I would say is, don't panic; a lot of people who were crap in life have become glorious in death. Look at what a brush with did for the careers and public opinions of Goody, Jackson, and Spencer

DEATH IS JUST THE BEGINNING

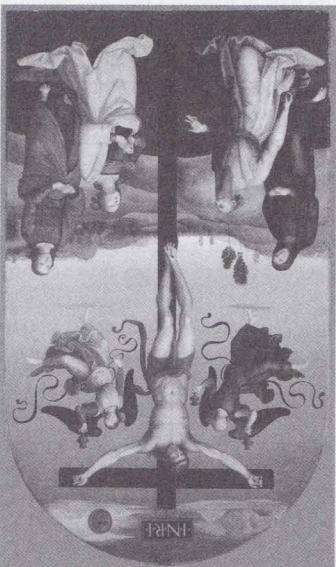


(Lady Diana and/or Frank).
Furthermore, I would urge you to remember that death does not have to be an end. I mean that in so much as a beginning. I really need your help Jim.
Dear Rosie,
Burnley.
Thanks for sharing these concerns which are obviously very personal to you. What I would say is, don't panic; a lot of people who were crap in life have become glorious in death. Look at what a brush with did for the careers and public opinions of Goody, Jackson, and Spencer

Dear HJ,
Jesus was such a fucking loser. Self-righteous hippy, glad he's dead. What modern day figure do you think deserves to be crucified?

Full of hat,
Arnold Gribto,
Manchester

Arnold,
Crucifixion is apparently great for one's spine, so I would have to nominate Prescott: poor little dumpling has notoriously bad posture.
Bye for now,
Hezzer Jezzzer.



CRUCIFY PRESCOTT

Any letters Hairy Jim deems fit will be rewarded with a home made glove puppet of Lucie Morris, Jasper Carrot or Victoria Wood.

First thing you notice as you walk through the charity shop's door is the smell or rather the absence of it. Formerly, it was a combination of sweat, earth and patchouli, the latter struggling to mask the first two. It always emanated from the Gents' clothes section. On a hot summer's day, a deep intake of breath was required before scanning the racks for a faded denim jacket. Today the air is pure, maybe the gentlest whiff of Febreze, allowing you to browse leisurely instead of having to re-enact an underwater commando raid. Everything is laid out orderly now. No longer do they just open up the front door and throw everything in, letting gravity and chaos theory decide on where the articles are placed. It's all shelves, chrome-railed rack systems, pastel walls and backlit cabinets. You can't rummage anymore. Want a book? What genre? Horror top shelf, SF below, then general fiction down

here's been a bit of debate in the mainstream media recently about charity shops superseding and ultimately putting tradition-al high street shops out of business. An example being Oxfam and their ever-expanding chain of book shops. Antiquarian and second-hand outlets are complaining that they can't compete with Oxfam who are getting their books donated free and being a charity pay a lower local business rate. But this is not just confined to the bookshop trade. All the major charities who have retail outlets have spruced themselves up to compete for the grubby coins in our purses and wallets. They are real, proper shops now.

Part 72: Charity Shops

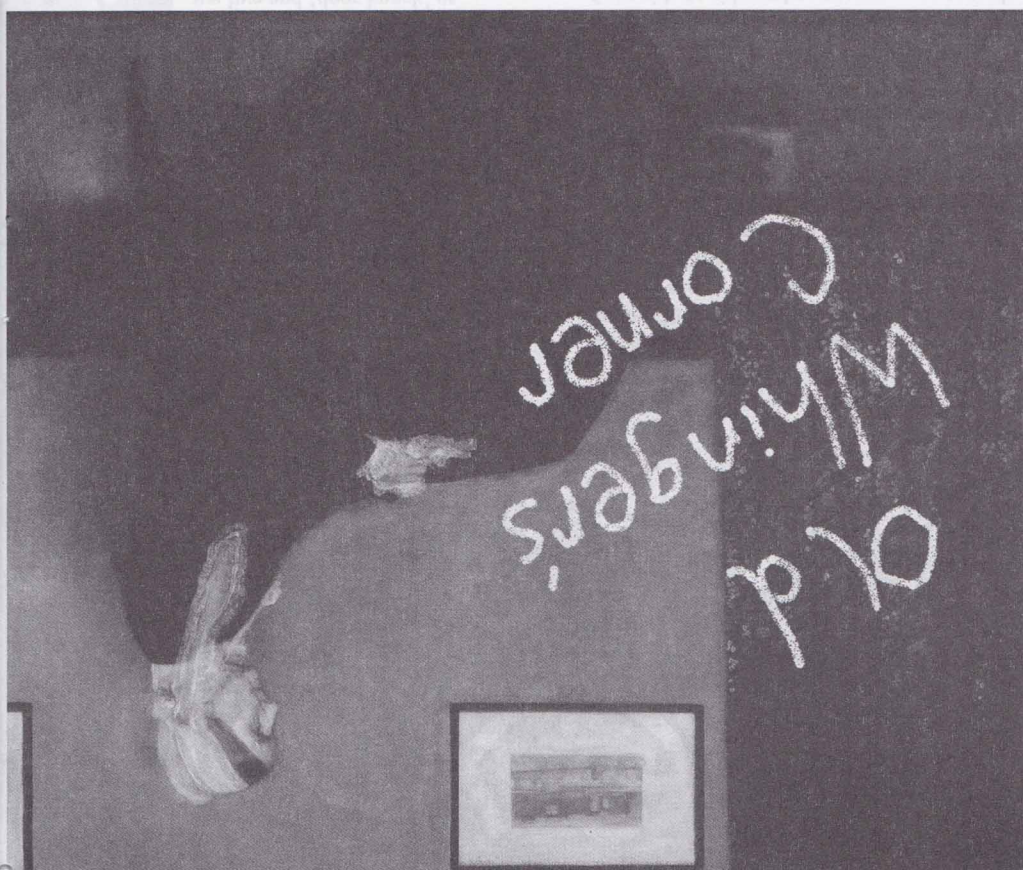
The crap (affectionately known as bric-a-brac) has been relegated to some back, wonky shelf. In many charity shops these odds and ends have disappeared completely. The ornaments of pot dogs won at the local fair have been replaced by overseas fair-trade crafts: miniature wicker baskets; scented candles and little mirror inlaid wooden boxes. They are just as worthless as the pot dog except they cost about ten times the price and are for some reason *ethical*. The third world, disadvantaged people who make these fair-trade trinkets must despise us for forcing that sort of living on them. Maybe the market and potential clientele for a ship in a bottle, single teaspoons and chipped egg cups is at odds with the new ambience and ethos of the shop.

Adventure, discovery and acquisition have been replaced by the standard get in, then get out consumerism.

to the bottom with the oversized encyclopaedias, gardening manuals and the like. Like a mini-Waterstones, and where's the fun in that? Clothes used to be arranged in gender only, that's gone as well. Sports jackets have a rack, jeans have a rack, shirts have a rack, everything sized with marked coat hangers from small up to fat bastard. Adventure, discovery and acquisition have been replaced by the standard get in, then get out consumerism.

However, one thing remains the same, in that they still do rely on volunteers to take your money and swipe able plastic. Not always aged ladies with hairy ears now but often 'couldn't afford a proper gap year' students who sit morosely at the till whilst their mates are being kidnapped and ransomed in South American jungles. These volunteers are blameless for the new corporate state of the shop and often they will nod in agreement when an over-priced item is queried. There are still a few charity shops that haven't had this makeover yet and long may that day never come. These usually are your small independent, local to the area charities, honest, local to the area charities, honest, feel guilty not buying anything in them if you want... but the others? Oh...err... fuck 'em. ROB CROSS

shop lexicon. word bargain is no longer in the charity ingly before it hits the shop floor. The able rarity is identified and priced accordingly backed folders, any designer label or value now comes in from Head Office in plastic the past couple of years. Pricing of goods from twenty pence to two pound fifty over that battered Stephen King novel has risen three day retail conferences to be arranged with en suite hotel facilities. This is why or apple white colour scheme. There are store discussing the latest window display in Peugeot 305's who drive from store to managers, regional managers, consultants ble sale/car boot outlet. They have shop longer your bargain, six days a week jump has to be paid for. Charity shops are no





RICK'S RANTS

Fun With Christians

Rather than rant this issue, I thought I might share some of my hard learnt knowledge with you.

As this edition of *Now or Never?* has a Christian theme it would be wrong of me to not put pen to paper and share my observations on dealing with the growing epidemic of Christians who manage to find out exactly where we live and 'door knock' us.



Most people hide or tell them to go away. Personally I am against such action as it is rude and inconsiderate of how long they have travelled just to find us. Let them in...and then fuck with their heads.

The Tie 'Em Up Gag

I have adapted this technique slightly. Here are some easy steps that have been used to great effect and anybody can join in. Call it a family bonding session and don't be shy, get granny involved.

Step 1.



Upon entry to your house give them comfortable wooden chairs to relax in. Once seated give them a cup of tea. Maintain an uncomfortable silence. After a few moments of uncomfortable silence you can now make them aware that you are a Satanist and the tea they just drank was poisoned with an elixir used by head hunters from Papua New Guinea. Tie them up while making guttural noises.

Step 2.

Upon gaining their attention, place a candle on the floor in the middle of the room along with an axe, a bow saw, a bikini line waxing agent (any brand will do) and a copy of Socialist Worker. For 'Gawd sake' don't read the Socialist Worker! Put towels under seats, Christians leak when they are interrogated.

Step 3.

Stand in the middle of the room and sway as you can. Recite these words for approximately five minutes:

"Hear me, wise ones, old ones, those who dwell below; I forgot to take my medication: I wonder, does it show?"

Step 4.

Then dramatically leave room shouting 'Repent Repent' and run to garden and start up chainsaw.

Quick Guide To Christianity

Christianity is probably the oldest and richest underworld crime organisation the world has ever known. It was alleged to have been started by a man whose street name was Jesus Christ. His real name was actually Yeshua ben Youssef aka 'the Carpenter'. Modern historical linguistic techniques have however learned that his alias was in fact mistranslated and Carpenter should actually be Carp Pinger.

A Carp Pinger was an underworld bootleg-

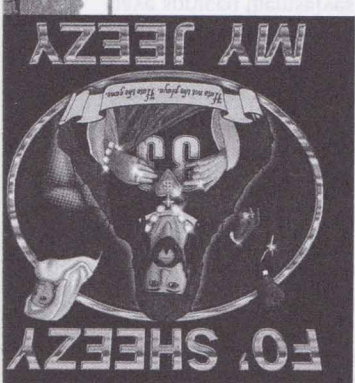
ger who brewed Carp Juice, a highly potent alcoholic beverage made from fish and sugar. Carp Pingers were the bane of ancient Palestine. Vast fortunes were made by underworld figures but the population of ancient Palestine were crippled with visions and hallucinations caused by excessive consumption of the liquor. These terrifying episodes were collated into a book called the Bible. Yeshua ben Youssef was also a pimp whose main 'squeeze' was Mary Magdalene. Yeshua had twelve Generals who carried out his every bidding, they were known as the Disciples. One particular Disciple was more of a right hand man or second in command to Yeshua, his name was Simon aka 'Peter the Rock' because of his leadership of the organisations crack dealing wing.

Another well known figure was Paul aka 'Saul the Tax Collector'. He was the muscle of the Christians after Yeshua's death. It was once claimed that Paul couldn't resist getting off on the Carp Juice and briefly went blind due to a rather heavy session and suffered the most appalling hallucinations.

Nevertheless Paul and Peter were to make the organisation an international concern. Today it has operatives in every city of the world and its headquarters, The Vatican, is in Italy. There have been many breakaway groups over the last two thousand years but while they all compete, they all still swear allegiance to Yeshua ben Youssef.

John Paul George and Ringo were a British pop combo NOT members of Yeshua ben Youssef's crime family. Go in peace children and don't say I don't give you anything.

And for you doubting Thomases out there who find this all a little hard to believe? Perhaps you should check out the real thing! It's positively mental!



History in a Nutshell



What's that all about then?

Christianity started as a Jewish sect in the Middle East about 2000 years ago and was based on the teachings of a chap called Jesus. The religion quickly spread like Paul who went around setting up churches and writing letters telling people how to behave. By the 4th Century Christianity was adopted by the Roman Empire as its official religion and this helped it to spread throughout Europe. The Europeans kindly shared their beliefs with

the rest of the World especially the Americas and Africa, and as a result Christians can be found all over the place. The religion has grown despite major and minor splits such as that between the Eastern Orthodox Church and the Roman Catholics in the 4th Century and between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants in the 16th Century. Christianity has had an enormous influence on the development of Western civilisation and although it is said to be based on the teaching of Jesus, most of what he said has been ignored, which is kind of sad because he had some nice things to say. Instructions such as: 'if you want to be perfect, go, sell your possessions and give to the poor' (Matthew 19.21) and ideas about inclusiveness, gen-

erosity, simple living and communal communism have sadly fallen by the wayside and we are still waiting for Christians Worldwide to put these into practice. Older ideas of enslavement, murder, rape and pillage seem to be a little more popular and when combined with conquest and forced conversion have formed the backbone of Western European empire building. Christianity has proved to be a particularly popular tool to keep people in their place and teachings such as: 'if someone strikes you on the right cheek, turn to him the other also' (Matthew 5.39), 'blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the Earth' (Matthew 5.5) and 'it is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven' (Matthew 19.23) have ensured that people have been conned out of a decent life in the here and now with the promise of reward in the hereafter. Despite the oddness and somewhat defunct nature of the book, The Bible and Christianity are still going strong and today, out of the estimated 6.782 billion people on the planet, it is thought that maybe 2.1 billion of them are Christians. ANN ARCH

heard it right the first time. Then, when Dawkins gets to his feet, the first thing he says, in his usual Oxford, Sunday teatime manner, is, "I've never actually voted Tory in my life."

And this illuminates a central problem with militant atheism. Dawkins, who has little sympathy for the policies of the Conservative Party, is willing to attend and speak at their conference provided he's invited by his fellow atheists. He obviously sees his crusade against religion as more important than politics, and he's willing to put his other principles on hold if it means speaking to a room full of people who will applaud his assertions that the baby Jesus doesn't offer humanity salvation. By focusing on a single issue and pushing all others to the sidelines, militant atheism creates the illusion that natural enemies are on the same side.

Karl Marx described religion as "the sigh of the oppressed creature." An atheist and materialist, he recognised that fighting religion was a futile activity, taking a sympathetic view towards it, understanding that even in an age of scientific enlightenment, people were still going to turn to religion, because their alienating day to day existence under capitalism left them feeling unfulfilled, and seeing no escape in the material world, hoped that the next life could provide them with what they lacked in the here and now.

And that's just it. People are sick of being treated like cogs in a machine, whether it's the machine of capitalist production or of gene preservation. It might be nonsense, but the belief that God loves you, and each human is important appears more humanistic than the cold school of thought that passes for secular humanism these days, with its belief that human beings are nothing but vessels that for this reason that the efforts of anti-theists and stickers proclaiming "Fuck God!" are doomed to fail, as long as we live in a society that organises itself along absurd, irrational lines, people will continue to hold absurd, irrational beliefs.

By siding with militant atheists, anarchists accomplish little except maybe to alienate the moderate religious majority, the kind who accept evolution as fact, believe in the Big Bang and don't have any problems with homosexuals. Anarchist organisations should be secular, not atheist. Religious beliefs, or lack thereof, should be left at home. Not that we shouldn't cause a fuss when religion verges on theocracy; the minute a play looks like it might be closing down due to pressure from fundamentalist groups, or bigoted homophobes use obscure passages in Leviticus to justify their irrational hatred, then I'll be marching alongside you, and we can raise our collective fist to these zealots who want everyone to think and act like they do. But if people find believing in a higher power makes this confusing roller-coaster ride called life a little more bearable, then I'm not going to complain.

Jewish authorities did not like this new religion that preached all human beings were equal in the eyes of God, where a beggar was worth the same as a king, and tried to stamp it out.

Later on, as Christianity grew larger and eventually became the religion of the establishment, its relationship to the classes in society was reversed. No longer the friend of the poor and hungry, the ruling class distorted it, cherry-picking certain Bible passages to suit their purposes and maintain the status quo. But it was never the reason ruling classes were in power, it just became a useful tool to hold onto it. Europe in the Middle Ages did not become a feudal society because the Bible said society should be organised that way; it became a feudal society and then the ruling classes used certain parts of scripture to justify their existence. The clergy became a class in eye with the aristocracy, but which nevertheless had more in common with them than the great mass of peasants and labourers, and would always align itself with the nobility in the event of an uprising.

No longer the friend of the poor and hungry, the ruling class distorted Christianity, cherry-picking certain Bible passages to suit their purposes

I'm not saying religion shouldn't be struggled against when it encroaches on our personal lives; of course it should, but the problem is that militant atheism is a thoroughly bourgeois ideology, as much a part of our present system as conservatism or liberalism, and its failure to recognise divisions between classes renders it incapable of transforming society in any meaningful way. As anarchists, class society should be our enemy, not religion, and although religious institutions often act as apologists for capitalist oppression, this is not always the case.

Militant atheists sometimes like to refer to themselves as "free-thinkers", supposing that just because they reject belief in God, all their decisions are based on reason and rationality. But there are other forms of ideological baggage that can poison a person's mind. The Conservative Humanist Association, a secular humanist sect within the Conservative Party, is undeniable proof of this. A quick search on Youtube brings up a video of Richard Dawkins addressing the Conservative Humanist Association. The chairman introduces him with a long, rambling speech, in which he utters the immortal words, "It would be good if we could get rid of the Bishops in the House of Lords. The House of Lords should reflect modern society," which is back and listen again, just to make sure you

evil people doing bad things, but for good people to do bad things, it takes religion." A nice little slogan for the militant atheist movement, but you don't have to be a Nobel laureate to realise it just isn't true.

Far enough, anarchists have a history of struggling against religious authorities and so can hardly be accused of jumping on the bandwagon. Anarchists have been railing against the authority of the Church since the nineteenth century. Mikhail Bakunin's famous statement that "If God really existed, it would be necessary to abolish him" provides more than enough evidence to suggest certain sections of the movement have always had an antagonistic relationship with religious institutions. Most social anarchists share the same critique of religion adhered to by the majority of revolutionary socialists; religion is a tool of the ruling class used to oppress the poor. By offering empty promises of an eternal paradise after death, the powers that be manage to dissuade the toiling classes from revolting. Who cares about having a good time on Earth when an eternity of bliss and happiness are waiting for us in heaven?

But anarchists shouldn't forget that religion is the product, and not the cause, of social injustice. It is not the reason people are oppressed, but a convenient tool used by the oppressors to maintain their control. It's impossible to deny that throughout history the ruling classes have used religion to keep the lower orders in their place. One needs only to glance at the pages of a GCSE level history textbook to verify that. Take the Divine Right of Kings as an example, the belief that the monarch had been appointed by God and to rebel against the King was to rebel against God. The poor had no right to protest their circumstances, because God had put them there, just as He had bestowed power and wealth upon lords, princes, kings and queens, and others of a high social stature. And this example is by no means an anomaly. No one with so much as a vague familiarity with the role religious institutions have played in society throughout history can deny that religion has been used as an instrument of social control.

But religion itself was not the reason this oppression existed. Let us not forget that Christianity was originally an underground cult adhered to by the downtrodden and disenfranchised; it was the religion of beggars and slaves, the people who had nothing. It is perhaps because they originated from these conditions that the earliest Christians advocated a primitive form of communism, where the means of life were held in common and shared by everyone. Engels, in his 1894 essay *On the History of Early Christianity*, compares the situation of these outlaws in Christ to the movement for working class revolution in the nineteenth century. Both the Roman and

Is This What The Haymarket Martyrs Died For?

Youth Section cri-
tiques those that are a
poor representation of
the anarchist move-
ment

Militant Atheism

Ride the atheist bus to the store,
Richard Dawkin's penned tirade
against the evils of religion. The
Western world is at war, it's a showdown
between religious fundamentalists and militant
atheists. You have to pick a side. Moderates
will not be tolerated. You're either with us, or
you're with the fundamentalists!

Many individuals in the ramshackle counter
cultural social scene that passes for the anar-
chist movement have been quick to side with
the cold, logical army of the militant atheists.
I'm put in mind of an incident at the London
Anarchist Bookfair a few years ago when
someone handed me a big pile of stickers,
none of which attacked capitalism or the state,
but focused entirely on religion. The most baff-
ling design being the one with the words
"Fuck God!" printed in big white letters across
a vacuous black background. That was it.
There were no contact details for like-minded
atheists. Out of all the philosophical arguments
against the existence of a supernatural being, I
don't think printing "Fuck God!" in big letters
has resulted in too many people liberating
themselves from the shackles of doctrine and
dogma.

Militant atheists tell us that they attack reli-
gion, not because they're intolerant of other
people's beliefs, but because a world without
religion would be a more desirable place to
live. Religion, they claim, is the primary cause
of man's inhumanity towards man. In the
words of the Nobel Prize winning physicist
Stephen Weinberg, "With or without [religion],
you'd have good people doing good things and



When: Tuesday May 4th, 1886
Where: Haymarket Square, Chicago

What: Workers fighting for the eight hour day held a rally in the square. At the rally a bomb was thrown – no-one knows who threw it. Several people were killed. 8 anarchists were tried for murder and 4 of them executed by the state. One committed suicide in prison. The others managed to get off.

Influence: (1) May 1st is now celebrated as International Workers Day – some say because of the Haymarket affair. (2) The eight hour day is now enjoyed by many work-ers. (3) Lots of people think anarchists carry bombs around with them.

Want to know more: Look it up on Wikipedia:
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Haymarket_Riot

Her browne browses with sweating var-nish[ti];
 Her browne hips when she was lag,
 To win her ground, went swig a swag,
 Which to see all that came after,
 Were repleate with mirthfull laughter;
 Yet she thumped it on her way,
 With a sportly hey de gay,
 At a mille her daunce she ended,
 Kindly paide and well commended."

Which seems to be a bit rough on her, particularly the cheap far-girl gags - especially when we consider the next point of contention in the text - that Kemp, although perfectly happy to write doggerel about other people, was not in any way willing to have anyone make jokes about him - he ends his account with a convoluted threat to anyone who takes the piss:

"Kemps humble request to the impudent generation of Ballad-makers and their cohorts; that it would please their rascalties to pity his paines in the great journeyes to the country, and not fill the country with lies of his neuer done actes as they did in his late Morrice to Norwich.

"My notable Shakerags, the effect of my suite is discovered in the Title of my supplication. But for your better understandings: for that I know you to be a sort of wiles beetle-heads, that can understand nothing, but what is knockt into your scalpes... (and so on and so forth for a couple of pages until)...

"So farewell, and crosse me no more I prethee with thy rabble of bald times, least at my returne I set a crosse on thy forehead, that all men may know thee for a foole".

And there you have it - a racist dancing, humourless misogynist with a penchant for blood sports - and yet remembered as a great clown and nice fellow. I think an interesting comparison may be drawn in all this with Michael Jackson, whose blue plaque on the O2 Arena probably won't read "Michael Jackson, child abuser and drug addict did not dance here in 2009".

The only conclusion I can draw from this is that at least we know why BNP MEPs are giving 10% of their salaries to fund St. Georges Day celebrations - including Maypole Dancing (a traditional fertility ritual in which pre-pubescent girls tie ribbons around a gigantic phallus, still popular in the UK for the usual reasons) and of course Morris Dancing, because they know all about racist dancing, bloodsports, homophobia, sexual abuse and hating women, and are in fact fans of all of the above.

Hopefully the latest rise of fascism in this country will be little more than a nine day wonder.

So we even know how Kemp got into it - he went bear baiting on his days off. I note that my comedy club The Cutting Room also takes place on Thursdays - namely the third Thursday of the month at The Workshop on Earham Road, Norwich, and indeed 'bears' some resemblance.

Returning to Kemp's account, I found a quite amusing description of Romford, which clearly shows the unbroken heritage of the area - it's nice to see that despite the changes inherent in modern life, Romford remains the same sort of violent shithole it has been for the past 400 years:

I don't like to see anything where animals or torture are involved as it makes me incredibly furious and vengeful. I like a fair fight

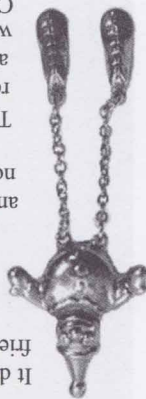
"From Ilford by Moone-shine, I set forward, dauncing within a quarter of a myle of Romford: where in the high way, two strong Lades (hauling belike some great quarell to me unknowne) were beating & byting either of other".

It doesn't mention their girlfriends, though you can be sure at least one of them was wearing the traditional gold clown pendant and shell-suit in the time honoured fashion and shouting 'leave it Gay, he's not worth it'.

The next objectionable point refers to an unpleasant poem about a fat woman he danced with which Kemp wrote in Chelmsford:

"...a lusty Country lasse being among the people... I fitted her with bells: which she merrily taking, gamisht her thicke short legs, and with a smooth brow bad the Taberer begin. The Drum struke, forward marcht I with my merry Maydemartian: who shooke her fat sides: and footed it merrily to Melford, being a long myle. There parting with her, I gaue her (besides her skinfull of drinke) an English crowne to buy more drinke, for good wench she was in a pittious heate: ... But ere I part with her, a good fellow my friend, hauin writ an odde Rime of her, I will make bolde to set it downe.

"A Country Lasse browne as a berry,
 Bliith of blee in heart as merrry,
 Cheekes well fed and sides well larded,
 Euery bone with fat flesh guarded,
 Meeting merrry Kemp by chance,
 Was Martian in his Morrice daunce.
 Her stump legs with bells were garnisht,



Many people will no doubt consider this barbaric, and I admit that I am somewhat bloodthirsty, however I would counter that the systematic torture of political prisoners is barbaric, and nobody seems to mind, or want to do anything about that, which seems much worse to me.

Besides, if these wrestlers weren't being paid to do it, they would just be doing it to members of the general population in the street, and I'd much rather they did it to each other in the guise of sports entertainment, and on video if possible. My point, like Bill Hicks' is that if these people are just going to do it anyway, I want to film it for my light entertainment.

I don't however like to see anything where animals or torture are involved as it makes me incredibly furious and vengeful. I like a fair fight, and I like an interesting stipulation like barbed wire and salt, or broken glass to add a little spice to the proceedings. Anything where someone cannot fight back is right out I'm afraid. As is any kind of sexual sadism, something which makes me so angry it is difficult to find the words to explain it. While I am happy to watch a 200 fluorescent tube 'log cabins of glass' match over breakfast, I have never been able to watch a film like 'Hostel', the very idea of which makes me exceptionally uneasy.

So we even know how Kemp got into it - he went bear baiting on his days off. I note that my comedy club The Cutting Room also takes place on Thursdays - namely the third Thursday of the month at The Workshop on Earham Road, Norwich, and indeed 'bears' some resemblance.

Returning to Kemp's account, I found a quite amusing description of Romford, which clearly shows the unbroken heritage of the area - it's nice to see that despite the changes inherent in modern life, Romford remains the same sort of violent shithole it has been for the past 400 years:

I don't like to see anything where animals or torture are involved as it makes me incredibly furious and vengeful. I like a fair fight

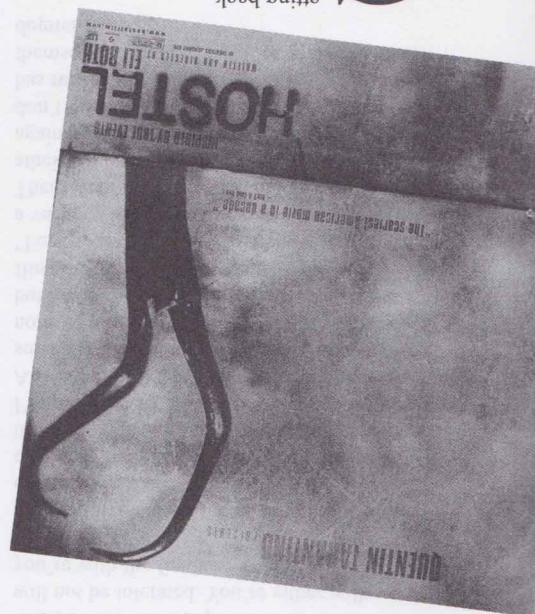
"From Ilford by Moone-shine, I set forward, dauncing within a quarter of a myle of Romford: where in the high way, two strong Lades (hauling belike some great quarell to me unknowne) were beating & byting either of other".

It doesn't mention their girlfriends, though you can be sure at least one of them was wearing the traditional gold clown pendant and shell-suit in the time honoured fashion and shouting 'leave it Gay, he's not worth it'.

The next objectionable point refers to an unpleasant poem about a fat woman he danced with which Kemp wrote in Chelmsford:

"...a lusty Country lasse being among the people... I fitted her with bells: which she merrily taking, gamisht her thicke short legs, and with a smooth brow bad the Taberer begin. The Drum struke, forward marcht I with my merry Maydemartian: who shooke her fat sides: and footed it merrily to Melford, being a long myle. There parting with her, I gaue her (besides her skinfull of drinke) an English crowne to buy more drinke, for good wench she was in a pittious heate: ... But ere I part with her, a good fellow my friend, hauin writ an odde Rime of her, I will make bolde to set it downe.

"A Country Lasse browne as a berry,
 Bliith of blee in heart as merrry,
 Cheekes well fed and sides well larded,
 Euery bone with fat flesh guarded,
 Meeting merrry Kemp by chance,
 Was Martian in his Morrice daunce.
 Her stump legs with bells were garnisht,



getting back to Kemp, there are even more direct links between the Elizabethan Theatre and bear baiting - Theatrical Performances in fact proved to be so popular that in 1591 the growing reputation of theatres led to the passing of a law closing all theatres on Thursdays so that the bull and bear baiting industries would not be neglected.

WWE

EXTREME CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING

avoid his assaults: if he were bitten in one place how he would pinch in another to get free; that if he were taken once, then by free, with biting, with clawing, with what shift with tossing and tumbling he would work and wind himself from them; and when he was loose to shake his ears twice or thrice with the blood and the slaver hanging about his physiognomy."

II of which does not sound like a pleasant sport to me; I am far happier with the human equivalent in the form of death-match wrestling from Japan or the Deep South by gentlemen such as Dillon, 'The Necro Butcher' Summers and others like him.

I think this has something to do with the fact that Mr. Summers and his colleagues are not forced to do it, and indeed make some kind of a living off it. I often wonder what people like Ian Rotten, Necro and the charmingly named Wifebeater would be doing for money if it were not for this particularly bloodthirsty variant of pro wrestling; I suspect that many would be dead or in jail - one of my all time favourites, an ex-bounty hunter from Georgia called New Jack is a case in point.

Though no stranger to jail, I'm very pleased that Jack found his way into pro wrestling in ECW, as if he hadn't, I'd have missed out on some of my favourite matches of all time. You only have to watch the man cut a promo to see what a waste this would have been. Everybody should see him throw the 450lb Vic Grimes before they die; it is a moment of rare beauty. Grimes had previously seriously injured Jack by landing on him in another scuffed match, resulting in Jack fracturing his skull, permanently losing the sight in one eye. This time Jack was ready, and had brought along a tazer, which he used on Grimes

Bear baiting, for those who haven't come across it, was a contest in which the bear was chained to a stake by one hind leg or by the neck and attacked by dogs. The whipping of a blinded bear was another charming variation, and in fact Queen Elizabeth I attended a famous baiting which was described by an Elizabethan chronicler called Robert Laneham as follows:

"... it was a sport very pleasant to see, to see the bear, with his pink eyes, tearing after his enemies approach; the nimbleness and wait of the dog to take his advantage and the force and experience of the bear again to

Why would the victorious Spanish celebrate by doing a dance stolen from the Muslims, unless it was simply to take the piss?

ous racist dancing for the moment; that is until Kemp reached Stratford Langton, where we encounter something rather shocking.

"Many good fellows being there met, and knowing how well I loved the sport, had prepared a Beare-baying: but so unreasonable were the multitudes of people, that I could only hear the Beare roare, and the dogges howle"

Disappointed, Kemp was forced to retire to his inn. So, not quite believing my eyes, I checked out Elizabethan bear baiting and found the following:

Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale* (1610) surely glances at this convention in the famous stage direction that has Antigonus "Exit pursued by a bear" (3.3.58). Bear would apparently not be difficult to get hold of, particularly as some playhouses did double duty as bear pits.

more unpleasant character than the historical description of 'Clown and Morris Dancer' suggest.

If you want to check this stuff out, look for 'nine days wonder' on the internet to find a full account.

For those that can't be bothered, I've taken the liberty of quoting the bits in full here. I should warn that this makes this English patriot look like a violent, racist, humourless misogynist who was fond of cruelty to animals. In this respect his closest modern counterpart would probably be Jim Davidson, a favourite entertainer of the British Armed Forces. Davidson will no doubt be remembered as a much beloved family entertainer upon death, with a plaque in the Yarmouth Winter Garden he loved so well.

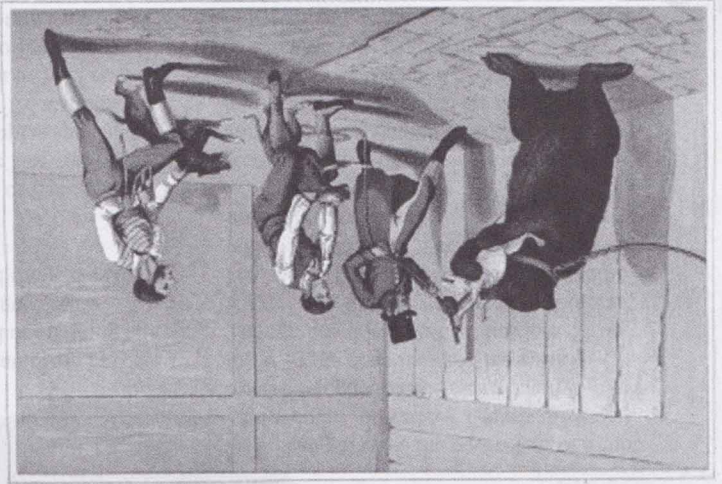
Firstly, let's examine the Morris Dance. I was under the impression that the practice was a genuinely ancient survival of Celtic martial arts, which sounded quite cool. I am assured from my research that I could not be more wrong. The 'Morris' of Morris dancing is in fact a corruption of the word Moorish which means Arab, the first dances being done in fourteen hundred and something in Spain to celebrate the expulsion of the remaining Spanish Muslims.

My question is simple - why would the victorious Spanish celebrate by doing a dance stolen from the Muslims, unless it was simply to take the piss?

I believe that it is right to now assert that the Morris is in fact a racist dance, and moreover a form of racist dancing.

Racist dancing aside let's get on to Kemp's account:

It all seemed reasonably innocuous when I started reading it, if we can ignore the obvious racist dancing aside let's get on to Kemp's account:



than a writer, despite the fact that she has never seen me do any DIY or read any of my stuff and so, is probably the least well informed person I could ask for regarding comparison of the two subjects.

So anyway, to stave off self harm I have had to come up with my own criteria for success. I ask myself 'one main question - Am I having fun doing this? The answer is usually 'Yes'. However, when I ask myself 'Am I getting paid?' the answer seems to be 'No, not really'. And there's the choice. Rather than ever being rich and happy, for me, it always seems to be a choice between happiness and riches, as if you can only have one or the other which does seem quite odd.

I'm sure being rich would make me happy, at least for a while, but not if it meant that I had to do the sort of things that seem to make people rich, like associating with Steps in a piece of West End musical theatre or whatever, because 'success' inevitably seems to mean selling your soul.

That being said, it's very easy for me to stand here and tell you I would never sell out for one glaringly obvious reason. I have never been approached by a single soul who has ever offered.

I would probably even advertise stuff if anyone asked. Which they don't of course, and for obvious reasons. It all depends on what it was - nothing wrong with advertising good things, as long as it's done in a decent and honest manner.

For instance, I would advertise pork gladly. I would make a fantastic 'face of pork' and I would happily show off my gout on TV. Or I would sell rum. Rum is good. I can think of no down side to advertising it.

I should also point out that I have been making jokes about anal bleaching since long before Sasha Baron Cohen and he has infringed one of my gimmicks rather than the other way round. This has been happening to me and Jeremy Brian a great deal recently. We think of jokes, do them for small audiences in Norwich and they end up being delivered badly by the

I wrote a joke in 2001 about the women from how clean is your house and Gillian McKelth. The joke was about a new TV vehicle for them called How Clean is your Arse - which I think is a good joke- but then I find out that Charlie Brooker has done exactly the same thing, word for word in the Guardian. Naturally, I was gutted.

A violent, racist, humourless misogynist who liked cruelty to animals, Kemp's closest modern counterpart would probably be Jim Davidson

Now I find that as well as my anal bleaching material, Cohen has stolen another joke I wrote about getting an African orphan to go with your iPhone. And now the sketch in question has had to be dropped from a forthcoming radio thing I'm trying to do because of fears of sounding too much like Bruno. Please don't get me started about fucking Bruno. It is quite a kick in the balls when your jokes are stolen by a mock-Austrian Nazi apologist and homophobe. Particularly when you yourself purport to be almost the direct opposite...

So anyway, getting back to the point, was I or Jez successful to think of jokes that ended up on TV or in newspapers? Yes, it shows we are at least as good as the so-called professionals.



Unfortunately we haven't been paid or anything and the other guys, who thought of the jokes later, have. Either that or there is a mole in the Norwich scene, stealing peoples stuff and selling it to TV stations for profit. Obviously, I will not be held responsible for any comedian who feels the need to kill local comedy promoter Dan McKee based on this premise. In fact, I want to go on record here saying I'm sure he's got

I should get to the point... The point is that recently I was wandering around Norwich in what can be best described as a nihilistic frenzy of some kind and came across a blue plaque on the wall of the Maddermarket Theatre which stopped me in my tracks. If we are to measure success by the longevity of the memory of your work in the public mind then the plaque commemorates a truly great success.

The plaque in fact commemorates the 'Nine Dais Wonder' by Will Kemp - a Morris dance from London to Norwich in 1600, which ended with Kemp jumping over the wall of St. John Maddermarket from a standing start. This is quite a feat as the wall is over five feet tall. Impressive no doubt, but is it worth a blue plaque? Clearly there is much to discuss.

Kemp was an actor, clown and Morris dancer who was part of Shakespeare's original company and who owned shares in the original Globe theatre. Frankly, it seems bizarre that he is best remembered (at least in Norfolk) for a nine day Morris Dance rather than the fact he was a genuine Shakespearean actor. Also, if we look for a definition of the term 'nine day wonder' we find that according to a well known dictionary of phrase and fable it is "something that causes a great sensation for a few days, and then passes into the limbo of things forgotten".

Is it not therefore a contradiction in terms to commemorate this sort of thing with a plaque? Far from the plaque commemorating something good, it actually commemorates something rubbish, a flash in the pan which was known to be rubbish and even advertised as such at the time.

The phrase is the equivalent of a 'one hit wonder' nowadays. Clearly, history treats such phenomena rather kindly - glossing over the negatives as I have said... Though this does beg the question: "Will Black Lace, Chesney Hawkes or Brother Beyond be remembered in 400 years time with blue plaques?" For services to popular music? Who knows?

Not satisfied with all this I tracked down Kemp's own account of his Morris Dance and was shocked to find all sorts of details in it which don't sound nearly so innocuous as a simple folk dance from London to Norwich and which aren't mentioned on the blue plaque - just glossed over again... All of which make Kemp out to be a rather

Nothing untoward going on there. Apart from his Jackson Tribute at the Memorial in LA, as Jackson was reportedly a big fan. I did however notice that the Jackson family may have slipped up somehow by inviting a twelve year old boy from Swansea to perform his Jackson Tribute at the Memorial in LA, as Jackson was reportedly a big fan. I did however notice that the Jackson family may have slipped up somehow by inviting a twelve year old boy from Swansea to perform his Jackson Tribute at the Memorial in LA, as Jackson was reportedly a big fan.

out recently. the family of Michael Jackson have found you were successful in your own lifetime as and dying will do wonders for sales even if we were never discovered until they were dead, in ones own lifetime. Many great artists near way of sidestepping a lack of success measured in longevity - this seems to be a In the end, I suppose success should be measured in longevity - this seems to be a

addict. to get paid and that I am an alcoholic drug doubt gloss over the fact that I never seem tremendously successful, though I will no whatever and make it sound like I'm I can talk about my book or the stand-up or over the negatives. Look at me for example, of emphasising the positives and glossing it's a matter of spin, a question on my mind of late, and I think This is something that's been ow is success to be measured?

Time
Dares
Wonder
Or,

Paul Knight juxtapositions his lack of success against the talents of Michael Jackson and a Tudor era wander- ing Morris Dancer



terers are thick or anything of the sort, but I think that was the implication in the comment. That I should stop fucking around with the writing and get a real job doing something manual. It only depressed me for about a week, and I'm ok now.

So how is success to be measured? Someone from my school, who I devised a musical with when I was 18 has written the music for a show which is currently on in London, and has an ex member of Steps in the cast.

Is this success? I'm sure he thinks so, but who really knows?

By what criteria are we to judge? I tend to think that if that is success then I want no part of it and would happily die a pauper rather than endure it.

I also tend to find that I am perfectly happy doing what I'm doing until someone else tells me something like that to encourage some sort of pressure and competition - or my mother tells me that I would make a better plasterer

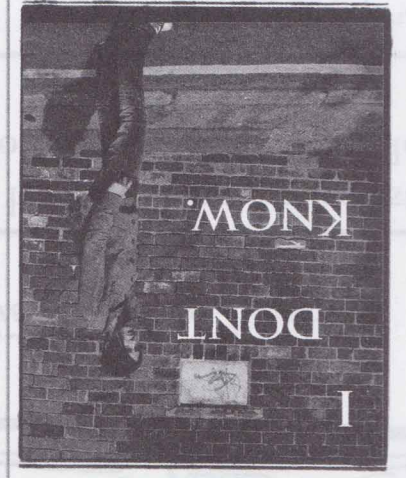
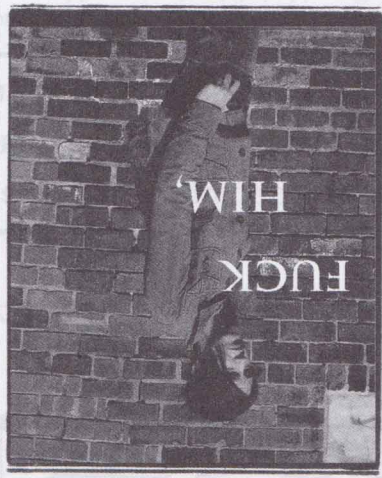
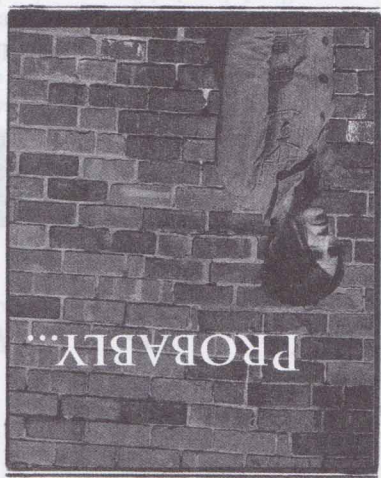
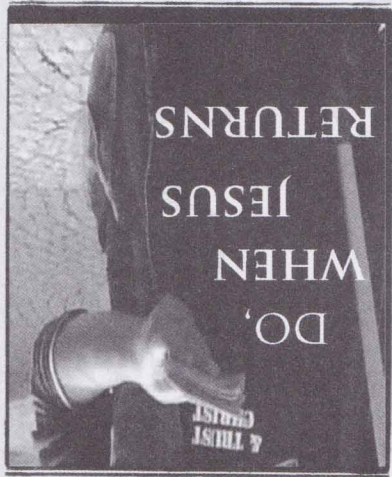
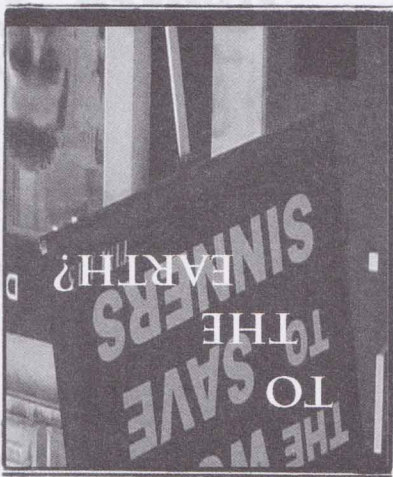
No, I'm sure it was all above board... Apart from the fact that the little fucker looked so pleased to be there which doesn't seem quite right for some reason, though I've not been able to put my finger on it.

Will history remember Jackson as a junkie, religious cultist and lover of young boys or for the excellent disco tracks he produced in the 1970s?

I think I've been suffering from lack-of-success based depression for some time - wondering if it is really possible to do more than scrape a living on the dole working in the arts for fuck all, wondering, as my mother has recently voiced, if I wouldn't have been better off doing a modern apprenticeship in say, plastering, rather than go to university. Interestingly, friends of mine in the world of construction tell me they are signing on too, so perhaps mother only said it to wound.

I certainly wouldn't want to imply that plas-

DEAD IN THE SCENE



© D SHUTTLEWORTH 2009

Farrah Fawcett RIP

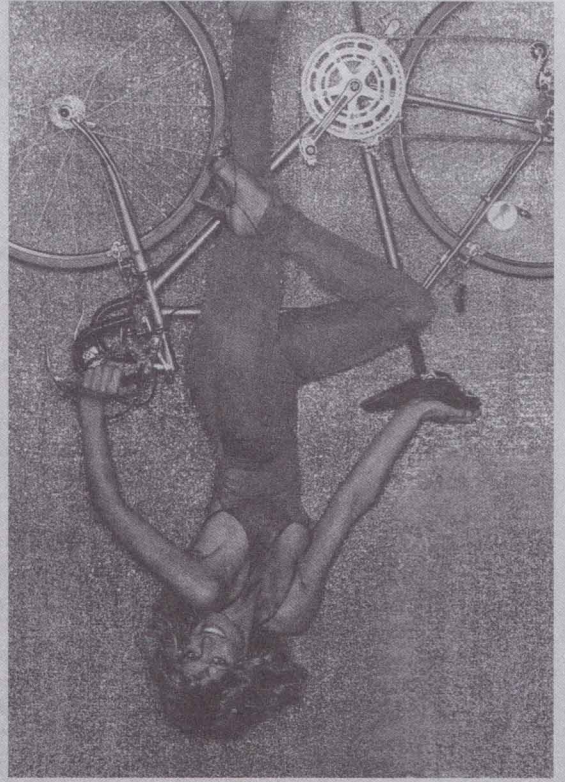
The Jackson Three sounds like a group of political prisoners in any case; the idea was never going to work, though I liked the idea of turning up at the much hyped memorial concert in Los Angeles with a crowd of human rights protesters chanting 'Free the Jackson Three'. This may still happen, as later, against the wishes of the deceased, custody of the three children was granted to Jackson's mother.

Everybody is still wondering why the children were all clearly Caucasian, but questions of paternity aside, in some ways, it seems bad enough to inflict the parenting skills of Joe Jackson on any child, let alone one who is not even related to him. In the end, it doesn't matter if you're black or white, you would think that simple child protection and human rights legislation should have ensured that nobody was raised by Joe Jackson in the first place.

PAUL KNIGHT

In early July, Farrah Fawcett, the much loved star of Charlie's Angels and a million adolescent masturbatory fantasies in the 1970's, died. She had been suffering from a particularly horrible, rare form of cancer, and will be sorely missed by a whole generation of heterosexual men, as well as several generations of gay men, who really, really liked her hair.

Her death, which should have made front pages worldwide, was cruelly ousted to page nine by the death of another icon, Michael Jackson. At the time, I was probably more affected by Fawcett's death than Jackson's, though as time went on and the media filled with lurid stories, and Joe Jackson tried to use the opportunity to firstly sell his new DVD during an interview (on Blue-Ray, now) and secondly, form a new Jackson Three from Michael's bewildered children, I began to feel more and more sorry for Jacko.



BNP IN NORWICH

July was an incredible month of political manoeuvres in the dark by various anti-fascists including the Hope Not Hate campaigners and other more discrete operations. It is fair to say that the BNP campaign in Norwich failed horribly, largely due to the efforts of the massed anti-fascists, though this being said, the BNP still managed in the end to get nearly a thousand votes at the polls - not a huge number, but still nearly a thousand people in my adopted home city who had fallen for the vile and hypocritical campaign of lies spewing forth like pus from BNP headquarters; either that or the sleepy 'international city of refuge' was the secret home to hundreds of frothing Nazi sympathisers, an idea I do not relish.

Clearly it was worth getting involved. The first chance came with June 11th, when the BNP met outside an abandoned pub somewhere in the city, but were scared off by just three anti-fascist protesters. I had wanted to attend, but was in Bedford on the day in question, being fitted for a wedding suit, something I was not in a position to cancel just to go protesting at Nazis, as my sister would have kicked my sorry carcass from Norwich to Bedford in order to get it done.

Predictably enough, things got a bit out of hand, and some bumpy racist farm hand managed to injure one of the protesters, however, no charges were brought, and the event reportedly just fizzled out, as the BNP gave up and went home to beat their wives in frustration.

On the morning of the 16th, I received an

In June, the BNP revealed its candidate for the Norwich North by-election, one Robert West, a founder of the bogus 'Christian Council of Britain', who would like us all to refer to him as the 'Reverend'. Not fucking likely... I don't like Christians as it is, they seem to mainly be a bunch of up-tight, closet-fascists, holier than thou hypocrites and this joker wasn't even one of them - I was unable to find any Church Body that would even admit to ordaining him, but I found several who denounced him in the strongest possible terms as a wretch and a charlatan. I wondered how Mr. West squared his political ideals with his religious beliefs?

Fake BNP Vicar



Surely he was aware that Jesus was a Jew, and that his own political party would have happily sent him on to the Final Solution, given even half a chance. One can only imagine the horror the average Nazi would feel at the prospect of an unkillable Jew, who just rose again every time and forgave them, something like the liquid metal Terminator, but with a bowl of chicken soup and an aversion to ham. It is likely that they would drive themselves mad with fear. PAUL KNIGHT

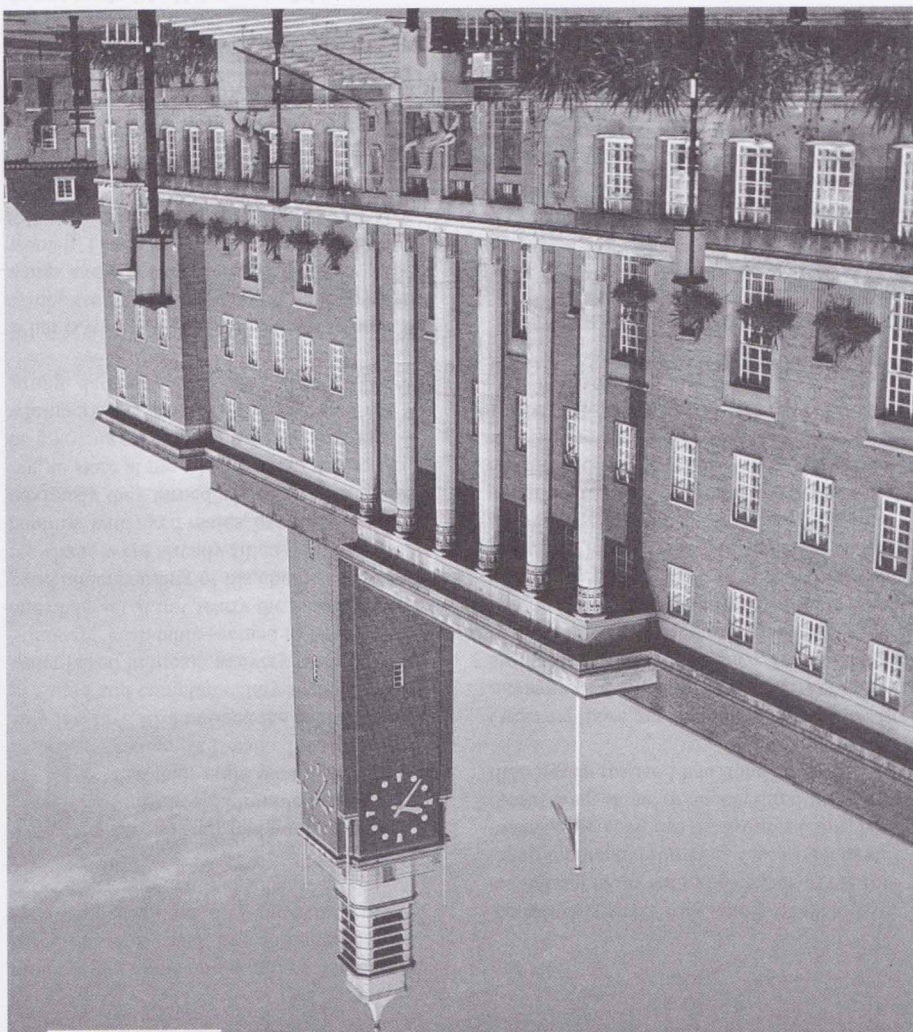
email from one of the anti-fascist groups, informing me that the BNP's Robert West intended to hold a 'prayer meeting' on the steps of Norwich City Hall, as a photo opportunity. This was too good to be true, and so, I passed the message on to a few friends, and we decided to go down and shout at the Nazis to try and disrupt their propaganda operation. We were effective in this, as the BNP didn't even arrive - in the end, we decided to stay

and protest for an hour or so just to make sure. While this went on, I was talking to some of the crowd, and I was informed of the real reason for West's 'photo op'.

Frankly, I was unprepared for the information, and it came as something of a shock; Norwich City Hall, newly built in the 1930's, had avoided being bombed in World War Two due to the fact that Hitler coveted it, and wanted to use it as his British base of operations in

This incredible nugget of information was proven true when I looked up the history of the building on the Norwich Heritage website, and what it all meant was even more disturbing. What it all meant was that the BNP were indulging in a secret psychogeographical campaign, intending to perform rituals on sites of interest to fascists, presumably to affect some sort of magical result - Nazi Voodoo in Norwich, in other words - and I am very happy to have been one of the people who helped to derail this horrifying symbolic act.

As we relaxed outside a pub, congratulating ourselves on a job well done, a friend asked me if I would ever consider standing as an independent in the next election. I assured her that I would not, as all politicians are scum and I am needed elsewhere. PAUL KNIGHT



Classic fascist architecture

little minty sweets on the pillow. Nothing in the world says 'class' like an imperial mint. As it happened, later on I enjoyed them both, between racking, animal sobs.

The pub staff had gone to some considerable trouble to ensure that their night would go with a swing. As I walked in, fashionably late at 7.30, I noticed the bakelite statue of Cupid and complementary sachets of water based lubricant at every table. Strangely, each table seemed to have only one chair set at it. Clearly the landlord had a good understanding of his clientele. Most of the chairs were already filled with heavy set panting, wild eyed males, expelling gases noxiously they turned as one man, unspeaking, to stare at me. One of them seemed to be gnawing on Cupid's bakelite arm and whimpering as he jacked off into pint of strong, dark ale.

What is it with Cupid? Whose idea was it to symbolise romantic love with a fat boy with wings and a bow and arrow? Had to be a woman. I can see it now. Valentine's Day rolls round again, and already I can feel his little prick. Sums it all up for me. Suffice to say, if Cupid were a real bloke there is no doubt in my mind that he would return back to his single seater cloud alone. Prepubescent jelly rolls are not particularly attractive. And it's not even as if he's very well hung. Cupid's erection wouldn't make a half decent toothpick. If that sort of thing were popular, I would get laid every night.

I wandered over to the middle aged spread laid out buffet style on trestle tables and helped myself to a scotch egg like an orange bollock. The man standing next to me was eating the complementary cockles straight out of the jar with a long pin. As I bit deeply through the breaded delicacy I watched a group of men at the other end of the bar clustered around a television and was about to wander over and see what the attraction was when it all happened at once. The DJ, dapper in Hawaii 5-0 style blazer and haircut gave me a little wink, bleached teeth glistening in the half light and began to play 'The Wind Beneath My Wings'. Clearly an emotional moment. Some of the men seated at the little tables began to quietly weep and incoherently pound the table tops. One man's fists were clenched so tight that he had drawn blood from his palms. He showed me his wounds like a pathetically sexually frustrated messiah as I bit into a jumbo pickled onion and felt the vinegar run down my beard.

In Japan, you can pay to eat sushi off a naked girl. This is highly cultural and erotic, provided that the sushi is fresh, and you are not a member of the KGB. I wonder what the British equivalent would be. Strips of beef jerky off a member of the Women's Institute. Dirty old cows. I've seen their tits

are in

I lie in bed and listen to the people next door have sex. The walls are thin and I can tell exactly what position they

Ordering more gin was made difficult by the intensity of the power-balls now echoing around the room. As I turned, I noticed that one of the whimpering men had finally got it together, and committed ritual suicide with a disposable plastic knife artfully spelling out the word 'lonely' with his death throes using his still warm entrails. The room took on a pungent aroma of penetrated bowel as I took my gin and wandered over to the cluster of

Rejection is never easy, and it helps to have something to do with your hands in the sensitive moments following. Once on a date, I managed to spell out the word 'odum' in the thorny long stems of snubbed red roses. I didn't even realise I had done it.

Poke the freak. It would be like taking a lump hammer to an ancient Greek erotic vase, and we could cathartically vent our sexual frustration like Steve Coogan on blue pills. Beauty is just a bland average: Valentine's Day, the festival of flesh. All flesh is erotic flesh and I want to see it squit and quiver in blind, ergonomic writhing masses looking like gigantic aesthetically tumours visible from space, every ori-

I Day for single, unattractive but sexually precocious people; Cupid, replaced by a symbolic grinning Keith Chegwin would become a length more obviously masculine - about 14" more, thick and veined like a power-lifter's neck, and the streets would fill with all the ugly people of the world, bent on getting laid in steaming, many storied orgies with Cheggers on top.

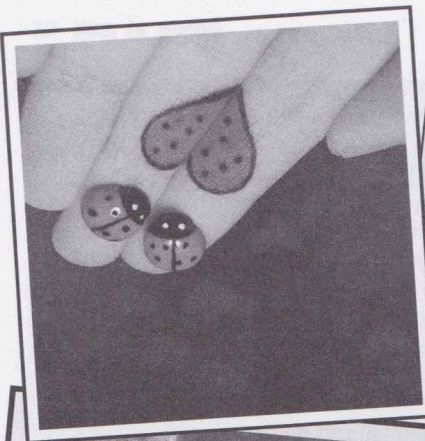
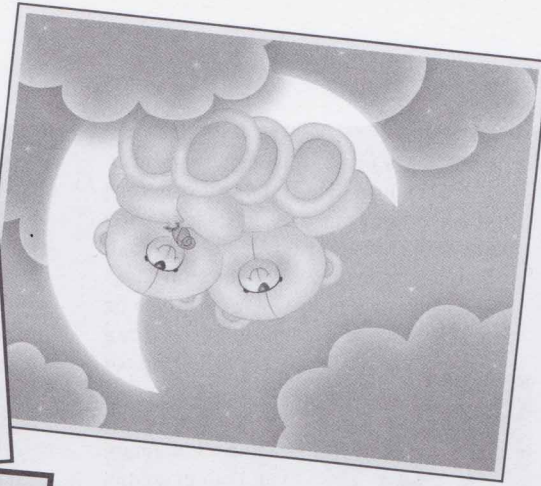
If I could, I would re-brand Valentine's ally precocious people; Cupid, replaced by a symbolic grinning Keith Chegwin would become a length more obviously masculine - about 14" more, thick and veined like a power-lifter's neck, and the streets would fill with all the ugly people of the world, bent on getting laid in steaming, many storied orgies with Cheggers on top.

men by the television. They nodded at me sadly as I arrived. I realised they were coming parting scar tissue while one of their number showed highlights of a video of his recent open heart surgery. One of them offered me an enema, and I decided it was time to go home. Alone.

The door of my flat shut with a hollow bang and I turned on the TV. Orange monkeys from Essex pull kissy faces and advertise premium rate chat. Hardcore chin sucking they say, quivering Blitzkrieg orgasms, felching chicken lips and moaning performance art wank £1.50 a minute. What's the world cumming to?

I lie in bed and listen to the people next door have sex. The walls are thin and I can tell exactly what position they are in. As they enter their usual doggy style finale I bang on the wall, shouting 'do you think you could give it a bit more volume, I'm about to come'. The noise abruptly halts and I watch the orange monkeys in silence, trying to guess which parts of them are plastic and in the meantime pull one off myself.

Unusually, there is a patch of blood in the cold bubble of spunk in the shape of a heart. The joyless, racking orgasm sends me into what I can only describe as tantric spasm, and I am unlikely to recover any time soon; it is some time before I realise that my pillow is damp.



Febuary comes once more in winds and rains and yet again Valentine's Day rears its surgically enhanced head. Of all the popular festivals it is the one I loathe the most. Its trappings fill me with rage. A teddy bear clutching a heart, fat little children with wings, pink things in abundance; little chocolate kisses and streamers all fill me with a lust for violent murder. Flowers are ok. Apart from the fact that I, like many people do not find the symptoms of hay-fever romantic, either in myself or others. Flowers are ok because they're the one concession to sacrifice we're allowed to make in today's society.

Ok, but not great, fellas. You are making a gesture of sacrifice for your loved one. "I love you, and I have killed these for you, or have had them killed at great expense" and so on. Not terribly impressive, you might go so far as to say. A flower? Try to be a little more creative. Van Gogh, in a fit of artistic passion, cut off his ear. Flowers? Say it with a body part. "I love you, and to show you that I love you, and the sacrifices I am willing to make for this relationship, have cut off my own ear. Here it is. I have also painted you a flower." Wow. You must really love me. Let's get you to hospital and close that wound, babe.

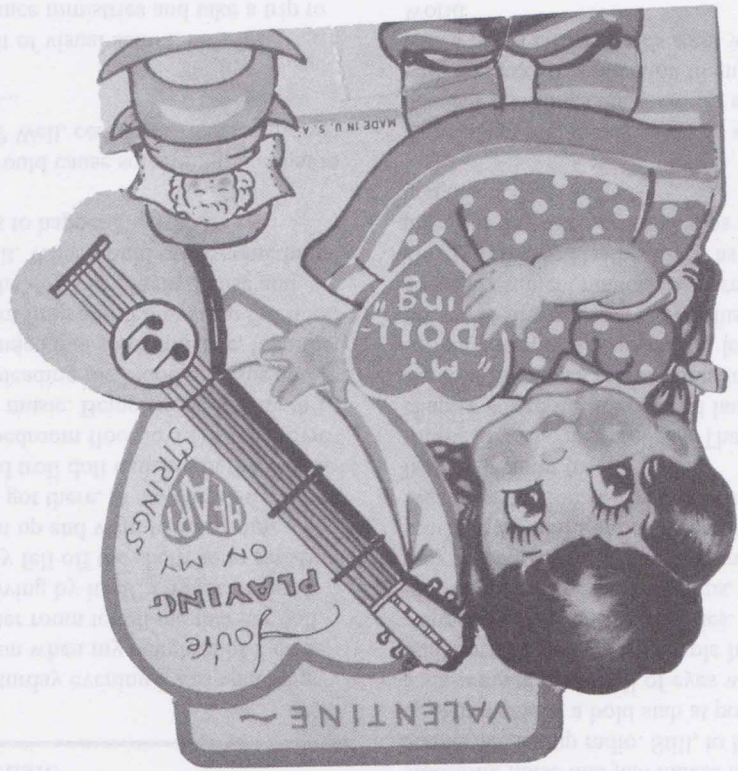
But no. Pink streamers will out, the yearly triumph of the fat little winged children; Botticelli has a lot to answer for and no doubt we will all go through the hateful rigmarole of swingers parties and white lightning once again. Because it's all about getting laid, obviously. Folk festivals always are. Look at Mayday for crying out loud. A troupe of twelve year old girls tying ribbons around a big prick. This is good, as it has mythic resonance. But let's at least be honest. It's all about getting laid. Which is fine, just as long as you do; but what if you, like me, will return home to your single bed alone, and wake up on February the 15th with a salty, wet pillow. A single bed is a state of mind; it says that you expect to wake up alone.

I have had nearly a year to try to put my life back in order, but the wounds incurred last year have not yet fully healed. I am left to madly finger the bloody gash in solitary confinement.

Many of you will have had a perfectly satisfactory Valentine's experience last year, possibly with oral sex. Good for you. Here's how mine went.

Having spent the day off work starting at an empty doorman and drinking gin from a teapot like a Dickensian prostitute, I took myself to a singles' night in the back room of a pub I know, assuring myself that this year, this year I would take someone, anyone, back home with me. My single bed had been prepped during the day with new sheets and

In hope of a Valentine's Day with some actual human company, Paul Knight resorts to attending a singles' night at a local pub



or
Festival
The Valentine's Day Cunning Stunt

the Re-branding
of a Popular

Valentine's
Day

was called Godtube. Yes, you guessed it: this is the Youtube of the Christian right. One of the more interesting videos uploaded to it is an animated version of Revelation chapter 4 (<http://tinyurl.com/kvle8w>); the Book of Revelation is, of course, one of the most famous 'shroom trips in history, and any attempt to dramatise it will be good for a laugh.

According to Revelation, Jesus's voice is "like unto the sound of many waters"; animator Dennis Copp decided to portray this by overlaying his dialogue with a slooshing noise that just makes him sound like a crap radio. Still, to his credit, Dennis made a bold stab at portraying a six-winged cow "full of eyes within", which isn't a task many people have stepped up to over the centuries. The video is not the site's only attempt to translate John of Patmos's deranged ravings to animation: a Mr. Mike Brown has tackled chapter 6 (<http://tinyurl.com/m2q8gk>). That's the chapter where the seven-eyed lamb lets the four horsemen out to do their stuff; so much tripiness ensues, not least because Mike seems a tad confused about his subject matter: the narrator clearly refers to Death's horse as being pale, but the video portrays it as neon green.

As you can see, there's a whole wealth of deluded ramblings out there for everyone with an internet connection to enjoy. God's in his Heaven, all's right with the World.

Rubik's Cube named and shamed by the 'busters; not even Santa Claus escapes notice. Tellingly, one of the demons is named Using Logic.

Probably the oddest thing posted on the site is an E-mail sent in by an anonymous reader:

"To my surprise my daughter had a stuffed troll doll dancing in the middle of her bedroom floor to a Disney movie playing music"

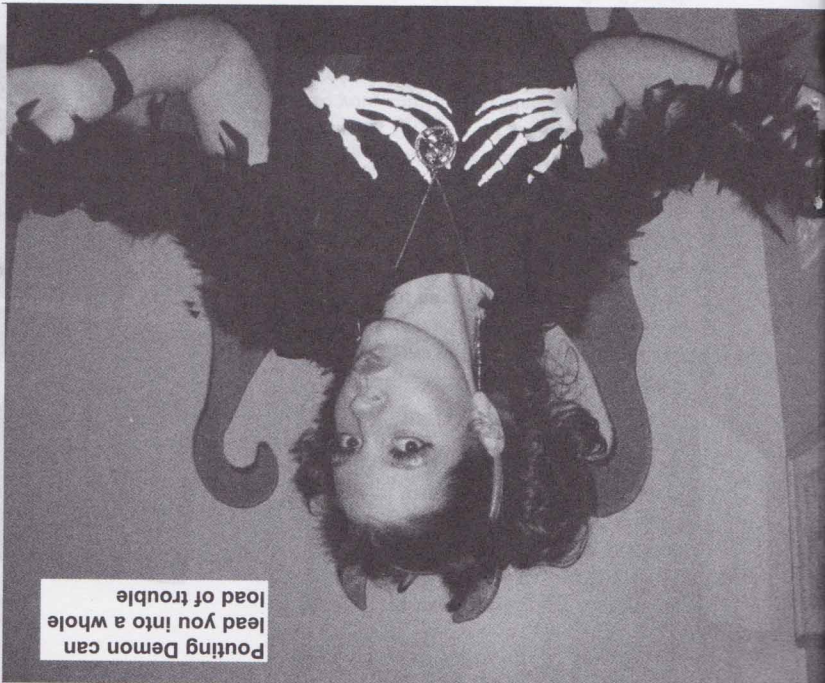
"On Saturday evening I was watching television when my daughter of 2 came out of her room to tell me that her doll was moving by itself. I assumed that it probably fell off the shelf, so to satisfy her I got up and went to her room. When I got there, to my surprise she had a stuffed troll doll dancing in the middle of her bedroom floor to a Disney movie playing music. Being raised in church I commanded that spirit to leave, then the doll went limp and fell over on the floor. I took the doll outside my house and burned it. What would cause something like this to happen?"

What would cause something like that to happen? Well, certain substances spring to mind... For a bit of visual action, let's leave deliverance ministries and take a trip to Tangle.com. Sounds innocuous enough, but bear in mind that, until recently, it

and women can utilise to fight off these sex spirits - Word of God, place portions of it in your undergarments if they are raping you (this may sound strange but it often works), place holy water on affected body areas, utilise sacred oil also."

You heard the man: ward off demons by shoving bits of the Bible down your pants. In the same post he also mentions an evil spirit named Phone Sex (for a good time, call the Prince of Darkness!), but that's not the only example of modern technology covered by the internal hierarchy: in another discussion (<http://tinyurl.com/aftczx>) Jay describes how he cast out Resident Evil and no less than one hundred and eighty-two Zelda demons. And no, this guy isn't some kind of parody; his book "Exploring the Unknown, the Strange, and the Supernatural" (ISBN 978-1591605119) is listed on Amazon.com. Distressingly, it's currently rated 3.5/5 by reviewers.

For something even weirder, take a look at Demombuster.com - the lunatic fringe of the lunatic fringe. Several pages are devoted to lists of demons: Pouting's back, and he's got backup. Satan's legion apparently includes guys named Pornography, Don't Care Attitude, X-Rated Movies, Girlie Shows, Dirty Old Man, Bedroom Blackmail and I Like To Eat. Any non-fundie belief system is blamed on demons - Hinduism, Koran and even Jehovah's Witnesses turn up on lists of demons to bust. The entertainment industry is also under fire, with the terrifying demons Walt Disney, Buffy the Vampire Slayer, Dungeons and Dragons and



Pouting Demon can lead you into a whole load of trouble



It's Holy Water, honest



Jesus Across The Web

Neil The Art Student gives us a guided tour of some of the crazier Christian websites. Best make sure your computer has an up to date demon checker installed...

In the 18th century people could visit mentally ill patients for entertainment. Nowadays this barbaric practice has been halted: with religious nuts making loonies out of themselves all over the net, who needs a trip to the asylum?

Let's start with deliverance ministries. Y'see, there are degrees of religious nutbaggery. If fundamentalist Christianity is a lunatic fringe, then deliverance ministries are a lunatic fringe of that lunatic fringe. A while back I

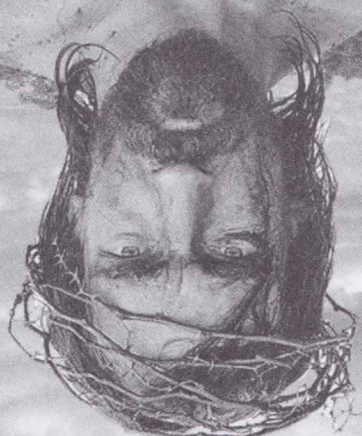
snagged a copy of Pigs in the Parlour, one of the seminal books in the deliverance ministry movement, and boy is it a doozy. The basic philosophy is thus: everything bad is caused by demons. Feeling angry? That's the work of a demon named Anger. Suffering from schizophrenia? That's because a demon named Schizophrenia is riding yo mortal ass. A practicing Muslim? You guessed it - a demon called Islam is to blame. The book contains whole lists of demons, including - I'm not making this up - one named Pouting. Yes, the Demon of Pouting. Bet she got picked on by Pride and Wrath back at primary school.

Anyways, one person who has swallowed this stuff is Jay Bartlett (AKA "Rescuer"), owner of MinisteringDeliverance.com. Bartlett's not going after no lightweight pouting demons though - in one forum discussion (<http://tinyurl.com/mu6op>) he tackles the altogether nastier rape demons. He has some sound advice for anyone hassled by incubi or succubi:

"There are spiritual weapons that men



Jesus, you look like you've
been dragged through a
hedge backwoods!



they're all so keen on the bloody place. If I was the head honcho Jew I would tell the Muslims they could keep it. It might have gets the distinct impression that God has screwed them. If God really loved them he would have promised them Hawaii - a place so relaxed that the indigenous people didn't even invent consonants or attack sounds. That my friend is a group of people beloved by God - you guys fighting in the dust take note. It further strikes me that the idea of a swindler God, fucking over his Creation is distinctly worrying. Best just give up in my opinion, fighting for a dusty patch of waste ground is getting you nowhere.

Strangely, Jerusalem is not an iconic Palestinian song, which seems inexplicable. Nor will my sword sleep in my hand 'till we have rebuilt Jerusalem far away from England's grey unpleasant land; preferably behind a large bulletproof wall where we can live in peace unperturbed by insane religious fundamentalists of any denomination, who will be free to kill each other in any way they see fit..

Although if we must insist on hanging around Jerusalem perhaps a bow of buried gold and arrows of desire would be handy things to take with us. This being said, I believe arrows of desire are the territory of Cupid rather than Jesus. Although I could be wrong; it has happened once before.

Jerusalem, it really is a stupid, offensive and misleading song, rugby notwithstanding. Thus endeth the lesson.

It does strike one as distinctly odd that for a bunch of religions so keen on spouting a load of pacifist dogma they spend so much time knocking the shit out of each other. Faith in action one supposes. God loves you unconditionally, unless of course you stray from the accepted dogma, when He will of course strike you down without a second thought. This is all without taking into account the fact that the Holy Land is neither green nor pleasant. Being in fact a huge smoking crater filled with twitching human remains. Even those parts which have not been blown up yet are hot and dusty and frankly unpleasant to be around. God knows why

unless of course they manage to get a team together for the next World Cup. It is entirely likely that this will not happen, as they have their hands full controlling the world banking system and fighting the Mohammedans. Ho ho.

Most English churchgoers would not suffer a brown person sitting in the pew next to them, let alone dying for their sins

Furthermore, one cannot imagine Jesus being particularly impressed with either Catholicism or the Church of England. We must remember that the former offer places in Heaven based entirely on monetary donations to fund religious wars and the latter was just made up one day by the distinctly unholy Henry VIII in order to be rid of his wife of the time.

It is also worth mentioning that nowhere in the Bible does it even imply that Jesus was a fan of rugby, a peculiarly unchristian game, since it involves no Jew beating,

cal. nations this seems a little, hypocritical. Most English churchgoers would not suffer a brown person sitting in the pew next to them, let alone dying for their sins. They would find it uncomfortable. It is also worth pointing out that Jesus was a Jew, and again British Churchgoers have a long historic and intellectual pedigree when it comes to the persecution of Jews. Indeed, if the British had been running the Roman Empire, it is likely that we would have killed him too, despite protestations to the contrary. I will say it again; Jesus was not white, and was not a Christian. There, I've said it. Certainly it is true that up until very recent times it was a Roodmass tradition to 'Strike the Jew' and indeed 'Jew Striking' proved for many years to be a popular family pastime, though it is less popular these days than it has been due to uncomfortable political correct attitudes rather than any lack of enthusiasm for the practice.

Why then is the hymn Jerusalem so closely linked to frankly jingoistic notions of Britishness and Empire? We have already ascertained that at no point did Jesus in fact walk upon England's pastures green, but there's another bomb-shell coming. It may come as a shock, but Jesus in all likelihood, was not in fact English. He probably wasn't even WHITE - despite all protestations to the contrary, and for a nation and Empire built on the slavery of brown people of various denominations this seems a little, hypocritical.

to England at all. not so, and in all likelihood He never came to England at all. tion of the Holy Text will reveal that this is day, camping near Bognor." Close inspection of the Holy Text will reveal that this is God and decided to take a fortnight's holiday, Jesus did tire of preaching the word of fleeing mention of it. For example: "And purgated word of God would make some

Jerusalem

Paul Knight analyses the nationalistic hymn and searches hard to find any credible substance whatsoever. Just what was William Blake on about?

found it? It would have just ended up collecting dust with all the rest of the stolen loot in the British Museum somewhere. "And was the Holy Lamb of God, in England's pleasant pastures seen?"

Again, the answer may well be in the negative. England has so few green pastures these days that it becomes increasingly unlikely that even the trained observer would see even a quite commonplace lamb, let alone the Holy Lamb of God. If Paul

had been on the road to Milton Keynes he might have seen a concrete one. In all likelihood, any lambs seen in the remaining green pastures will have been culled in the recent foot and mouth outbreaks. Or possibly died of Bluetongue. For our sins.

It has been alleged by lesser persons that the term Holy Lamb of God is indeed a reference to Jesus. As nicknames go, it's not a good one. It lacks humour. Lance-a-lot is much better. Of course, this leads us back to the fundamental question; did Jesus ever holiday in England? If he did, one would imagine that the Bible, the complete unex-

If it did indeed happen, then most likely he was looking for work in the EU. And good luck to him. There are now openings for Aramaic translators at the Jobcentre, so perhaps it is not completely unlikely. As to the wild stories of the Holy Grail, the less said the better. We, the British wasted most of the Dark Ages looking for the Blessed Thing, which seems to have been of dubious usefulness in any case. One suspects that Guinevere in a false beard impersonated God in order to get Arthur out of the house so she could fuck Lancelot (which is, incidentally, how he got his name; apparently it was huge). One need only look at the Round Table groups of the present day to ascertain just how silly an obsession with these matters can become. And what would have happened if we'd actually

If we are to assume that those feet belonged to Jesus, we begin to see how very stupid the poet William Blake in actuality was

Brothers and Sisters, it is worth taking a moment to look more closely at the famous hymn, with today's political climate taken into account. Let's begin.

"And did those feet in ancient times, walk over England's mountains green?"

The answer, in all likelihood is no. Although the matter of whose feet is still in question. If we are to assume that those feet belonged to Jesus, we begin to see how very stupid the poet William Blake in actuality was.

Nowhere in the Bible does it make any reference to the British Isles. Paul did not have an epiphany on the road to Milton Keynes, and a bloody good job too, otherwise who knows how the world might have ended up. No, the main action in the Bible takes place in the Middle East. Those feet, incidentally might have belonged to Joseph of Arimathea, who had a cameo role in the New Testament and who allegedly planted a magical thorn bush in Glastonbury. This tale is however most likely to be apocryphal; and nowhere does it say exactly why he might have walked from Palestine to Wiltshire to do this. Clearly his shoes at least had good soles.

the year he was officially declared financially bankrupt.

Furthermore, in 1999 came the horrifying terrorist spree of nail bombings in London undertaken by ex-BNP member, and member of the National Socialist Movement David Copeland. Copeland managed to detonate three devices, one in Brixton, one in Brick Lane, and one at The Admiral Duncan Pub in Soho on Old Compton Street, just around the corner from the site of The Establishment on Greek Street. The bombs killed numerous people, the highest mortality rate being at the Admiral Duncan where Copeland managed to heroically blow up a pregnant woman and scores of others, many of whom lost limbs - I also remember the ghoulish press reports of the bombings including images of a baby with a six inch nail in his head which quite understandably deeply shocked the right thinking people of the world.

There was a march held along Old Compton Street, attended by gay rights and human rights activists as well as members of the general public who had been moved by the story. Nick Griffin, as usual, was on hand to offer some sage comment - "The television footage of dozens of gay demonstrators flaunting their perversion in front of the world's journalists showed just why so many ordinary people find these creatures so repulsive". A remark which makes you wonder about his relationship with Martin Webster, amongst other things.

In 2009, the Royal British Legion issued an open letter to Griffin asking him not to wear a poppy. Griffin responded by using images of Spitfires and the slogan 'The Battle for Britain' on his flyers for the European elections, because he has no shame and no taste.

Information on Andrew Brons

is sparser, he is a shady, underground sort of character despite working as a lecturer in Hate Studies for quite a portion of his career, but I was able to glean the following from the usual sources. Half-German, and

the son of a WW2 era immigrant, Brons joined the openly neo Nazi National Socialist Movement at 17. The NSM was founded on Adolf Hitler's birthday, and its members were responsible for a sustained campaign of arson against Jewish properties and Synagogues in the 1960's. According to anti-fascist magazine Searchlight, Brons heartily approved of it all.

When recently questioned about his involvement with the attacks, Brons replied that "people do silly things when they are 17" and he was of course correct. Usually, those silly things amount to nothing more than bad haircuts, drinking too many alcopops in parks and screwing up A-Levels rather than a sustained arson campaign against a minority group, but who are we to judge the passions of youth?

In October of 1983, Brons led a protest march through the city centre of Leeds shouting slogans like 'White Power' and 'Death to Jews'

By 1977, Brons was the Chair of the National Front, and co-edited their journal the New Nation with the help of Holocaust denier Richard Verral, the author of the instant classic 'Did Six Million Really Die?'

I think 'yes' is the answer, I would go on to add that they were killed by people very like Brons... who eventually succeeded in becoming the leader of the National Front in the 1980s. In 1983 he helped edit the National Front's General Election Manifesto to which among other things called for 'global apartheid to prevent the extinction of whites everywhere'. We whites, particularly the white English just can't help fucking those beautiful, exotic non-whites though can we? A point which obviously has Brons worried. Quite right too.

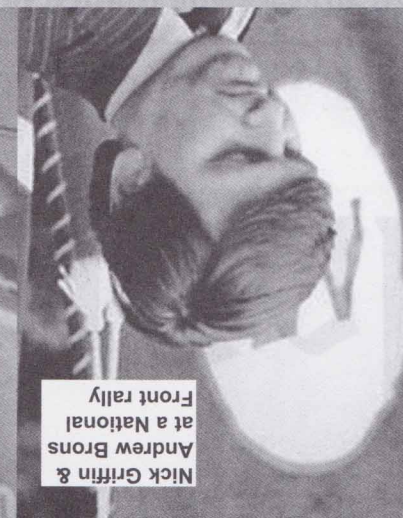
In October of 1983, Brons led a protest march through the city centre of Leeds shouting slogans like 'White Power' and 'Death to Jews' and when asked to move on by a police officer of Malaysian descent, Brons repudiedly replied that he was aware of his legal rights and furthermore that "Inferior beings like you probably do not appreciate the principle of free speech". This should give you some idea about some of the type of people now representing this country in Europe, and enjoying five million pounds worth of European funding to publicise their horrible aims.

In fact, I am convinced that we can end racism by simply having as many mixed race children as possible as a society - given a couple of generations nobody will be anything any more, no nationalities, just people. It would be good for the gene pool and it would be good for our souls; besides, mixed race people are generally attractive - American and half Samoan, and he is a superman, well built, athletic and good looking; for all the man is a terrible actor, he and others like him are far preferable to the sorry results of so many generations of insular inbreeding which produces twisted freaks like Griffin and Brons - the facts seem to speak for themselves.

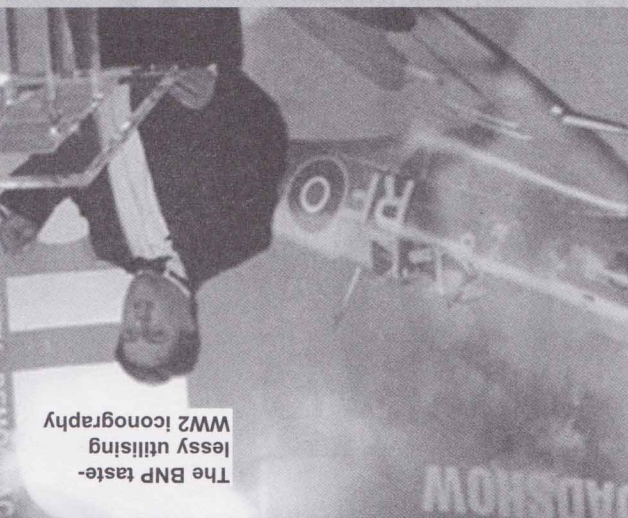
The Manifesto went on to declare that 'The National Front rejects the whole concept of multi-racialism. We recognise inherent racial differences in man. The races of man are profoundly unequal in their characteristics, potential and abilities'. Again, I am inclined to agree with at least some of those kind of genes which brought about Brons were inherently flawed, possibly as a result of the malignant Nazi seed in his father's balls, though possibly just through a thousand years of disastrous inbreeding by the Barbarian Germanic peoples, who, as we are unlikely to forget, brought about the fall of the Roman Empire by walking over the frozen Rhine in 460 AD or thereabouts and were, like the BNP, often referred to as Vandals...



Nick Griffin & Andrew Brons at a National Front rally



The BNP tastelessy utilising WW2 iconography





STREETONS IN THE LOST

With the British National Party obtaining two seats in the European Parliament in this June's election, Paul Knight takes a look at the shadowy past of these supposedly respectable politicians

The egg throwing incident, which happened soon after the 2009 European Elections amused me, but it will not be the last time that Griffin will have things thrown at him by disgrusted members of the public.

Though childish, I had to admit that I would get a certain amount of pleasure from doing the same thing, but with rocks. This all being said, I am forced to admit that foul cunts like Griffin enjoy the same rights to freedom of speech as I do, and in a perverse way, I hope they get more media coverage - it is the only way to expose their politics as the sham it really is. I thoroughly enjoyed watching David Dimbleby take apart Nick Griffin with such style on the TV, well, who wouldn't? There was much to learn from it.

That small digression aside, in 1993, at a by-election in Millwall, in the borough of Tower Hamlets, Griffin is on record as having said that "the electors of Millwall did not back a post modernist rightist party, but what they perceived to be a strong, disciplined organisation with the ability to back up its slogan 'defend rights for whites' with well directed boots and fists". He followed this up in 1996 by staging a public demonstration during a remembrance service at Coventry Cathedral and accusing the RAF members of the Waffen SS during World War Two.

He was convicted of distributing material likely to incite racial hatred in 1998, and received a suspended sentence. Again, he is on record as saying "I am well aware that the orthodox opinion is that 6 million Jews were gassed and cremated and turned into lampshades. Orthodox opinion also once held that the world is flat". 1998 was also

Griffin vigorously denies the implications of gayness, but if Griffin were a pitifully repressed homosexual at 16, I think you will agree it would explain much about the man he became.

Recently, Griffin claimed to be an admirer of boxer Amir Khan; why not? Khan is a very good looking boy, and I feel that it would explain more about Griffin's psychology if it could be ascertained with

Griffin denies the implications of gayness, but if Griffin were a pitifully repressed homosexual at 16, it would explain much about the man he became

absolute certainty that not only was he a repressed old queen filled with bitterness and misery, but that he was a repressed old queen filled with bitterness and misery with a taste for nice looking, athletic Muslim boys.

In 1979, Griffin helped set up the White Noise Music Club, a promotion dedicated to organising gigs for fascist bands, and later worked with the openly Neo Nazi band Skrewdriver and the Blood and Honour group, who also put on gigs for Nazis.

Fast forward... it was 1990 when he lost the eye; Griffin nearly died when a discarded shotgun shell in a pile of firewood he was burning at a fascist camping weekend (something like the Scouts) in his garden took his eye out. Many years later, a BNP spokesman tried to claim that anti-fascist egg throwers could have taken out his other one, which would have been a real blow.

Nick Griffin was born in London, but moved to the sleepy seaside town of Southwold in Suffolk aged 8, and eventually gained a 6th form scholarship at the St. Felix Girls' School; he was one of two boys in the entire school. This sort of upbringing must have affected him badly, as he had joined the National Front at 15.

Interestingly, St. Felix's is noted for its gay history - among ex-pupils was World War Two veteran and lesbian Major Betty Hunter-Cowan, who worked in the supply dept. of the War Office during the conflict, and after the war served in the Egyptian Canal Zone, where she first met Major Phyllis Heyman. Heyman and Hunter-Cowan (known locally as the 'Cavewomen') lived together until 1990 when Heyman died.

Major Betty once remarked of a certain Lawrence Durrell 'little men are very aggressive, don't you find?' I like to think that if she had ever met Griffin she would have shot him in his good eye before sinking some pink pins and loudly playing Land of Hope and Glory. Furthermore, why have so many of our main political protagonists only got one eye? What's going on? Some sort of secret club? Brown, Griffin and Abu Hamza should get together and party; they have much in common.

But I digress; at 16, something rather interesting happened - Griffin stayed at the home of the openly gay Martin Webster, an organiser for the National Front. One wonders what sort of gay man would join the National Front? I suppose the sort of gay man who likes getting beaten up... This all said, many years later in 1999, Webster published a four page leaflet in which he claimed to have had a homosexual affair with Griffin, though nobody can understand why he would want to. Patrick Lappin has written a very good poem about wanting to fuck Gordon Brown in his empty socket, and I can only imagine that the Griffin/Webster pairing would be very similar.

back to life, because he was a good egg and he didn't want to disappoint her mum.

Anyway, there's this Catholic Inquisitor, and he sees all this and has Jesus dragged off to the cells for causing a public disturbance. I bet Jesus was kicking himself about Innocent IV at this point due to the prospect of his inevitable torture.

Back at the cells, he and Jesus have a long debate, and it's pretty certain all the way through it that even though the Inquisitor knows exactly who the man is who's sitting in front of him, he's not going to let him go because he knows that it will upset the political and religious order of the time, and eventually he consigns Jesus to be burned at the stake.

However, Jesus, ever the gent, forgives the Inquisitor, and kisses him on the face. This causes a pang of guilt in the old fellow, who opens the cell door and looking away, lets Jesus go, telling him never to come back. And Jesus didn't because even really nice blokes get annoyed sometimes.

Dostoevsky wrote his 'Parable of the Grand Inquisitor' in 1879. It's a 25 page section of his novel 'The Brothers Karamazov' and it's much better in that than in the version I've told you, which was a bit flippanant.

Jesus, it seems comes back where he's needed most in times of trouble, like King Arthur or the A-Team. Hypothetically, I think if he was going to come back during the twentieth century, it would have been during the Second World War, perhaps in Germany. Let's just assume for the moment that he did, a hungry, ragged stranger on the streets of Berlin. A stranger who had been circum-

For my money, it's almost certain that he would have been rounded up by the Hitler Youth, very likely by his own future representative on earth, the young Benedict XVI, made to wear a yellow Star of David and shipped off to the camps to be gassed and turned into soap, just like all the other Jews.

at all then the Protestants arguably have even less than that.

I'm going to end with a loose rendition of a fable.

One day in the late fifteenth century Jesus returned to the streets of Seville. He didn't make a big song and dance about it, just walked through the city gates and into the town. Meek, is I think probably the best word for it. But people aren't thick - they knew who he was. Don't ask me how. Perhaps he looked like Mel Gibson or was glowing. Whatever it was, people knew,

I'd like to start an agency - Popes For Hire. Your own confession and forgive you as you go

and before long he couldn't move for children throwing rose petals in his path and people singing. He didn't mind, although he was actually in a hurry, and stopped and signed autographs and stuff, because that was the kind of guy he was.

There was a funeral in Seville that day, for a seven year old girl, and as Jesus walked past the funeral procession, somebody had a bright idea. Not content with his autograph, this bloke wants Jesus to do tricks to prove it's really him - and Jesus, who wasn't trying to prove he was himself or anything and hadn't been wanting to make a scene, wasn't going to make a big thing of it. But he thinks well, I'm already late, so, you know, whatever, and he brings the girl

David Icke, L. Ron Hubbard) or even a super job doing hellish Nazi/CIA mind control experiments (see Jim Jones, L Ron Hubbard). If you think this is a bit far out, what on earth do you think Benedict's doing?

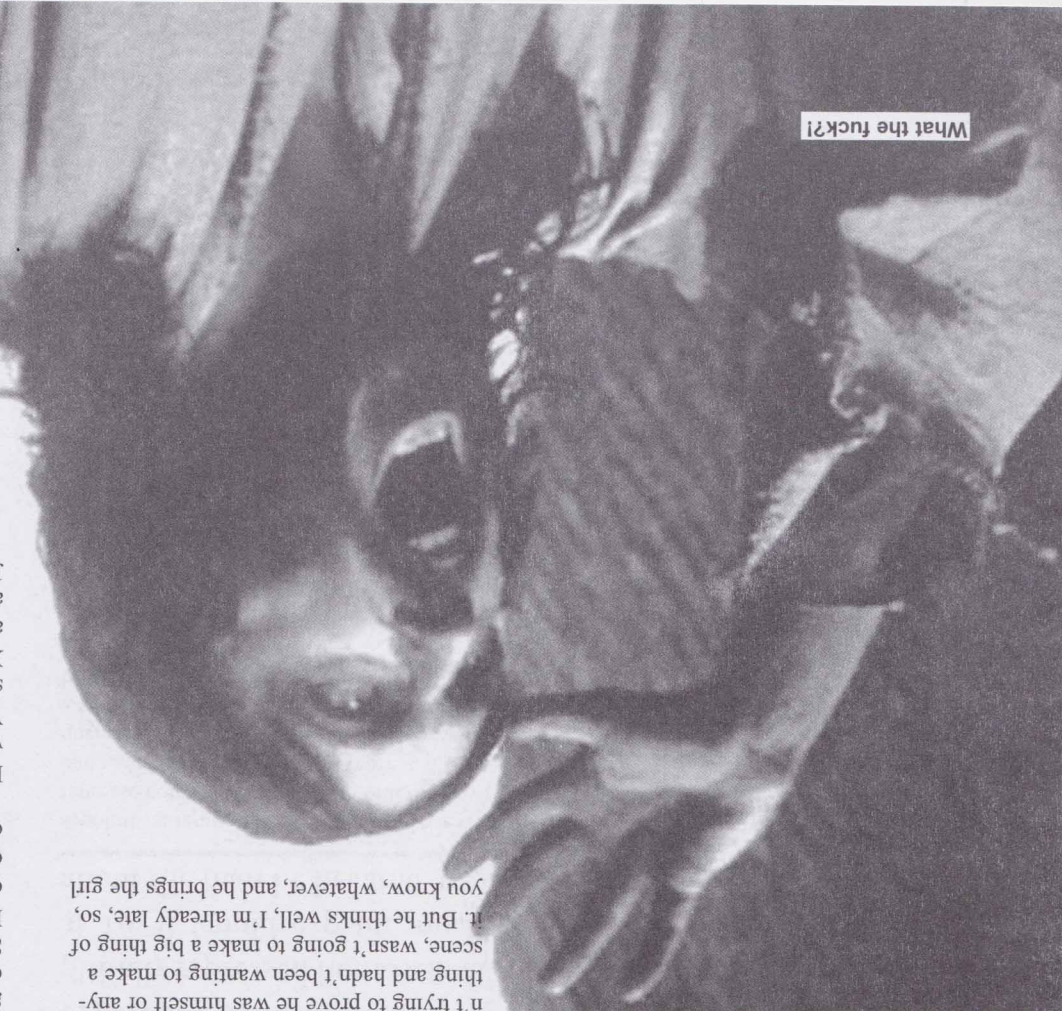
Some people seem incredulous with the idea - pretend to be the Pope? Blasphemy! But seriously, what's the worst that can happen? God seems rather lax with the punishments even among his own staff, so you've got nothing to worry about. Clearly God doesn't give a fuck. Unless, in a mysterious way, God himself is a member of the fascist right, in which case, we're all fucked anyway and you might as well get your money's worth.

So declare yourself Pope and go around getting treated well and blessing things. Easy.

If enough of us do it, I would like to start an agency - Popes For Hire. I think many a might out would be improved by my own personal Pope, who can take confession on the fly and forgive me as I go. That isn't a new idea by the way, and the good old Catholics were all over it during feudal times, and even quite recently.

This all being said, I don't want it to look like I'm coming down especially hard on Catholics, it's all the Christians really. I haven't really mentioned the Protestants because if the Catholics have no credibility

What the fuck?!



3. The prospective Pope must be above the age of reason. This is generally accepted in the literature to be just seven years old. Interestingly, at seven years old the prospective Pope will still be a soprano and won't even stop being fucked by other priests for another five years, until he is twelve and enters puberty. Bringing, no doubt, new meaning to the term 'the holiest of holies' and lending credence to the paedophile God theory outlined in part one.

These rules, as set by representatives of God in the Vatican, mean that literally any (nominally Catholic) male over the age of seven is basically eligible for the position. Jobs are scarce, so why not? Good after-life benefits, and all the ring kissing choirboys and tight little asses you can eat while you're here. Why not indeed? After all, you tick all the right boxes and someone's got to do it. What's that? You were a guard at Dachau? No problem...

Presumably even Catholics responsible for thousands of innocent deaths such as Tony Blair can aspire to being Pope in that case - a hypothetical situation of such extreme distastefulness to me that I am certain he will try. What's that? You're guilty of war crimes in the Persian Gulf? No problem Tony, all is forgiven, do ten 'Hall Mary's' and go and get measured up for your fisherman's shoes - just so long as you ain't one of those pinko socialists no more... I should point out that a religion which offers total absolutism based on monetary donations would seem to be attractive to rich, evil people. Particularly rich evil politicians with a lot on their consciences. It almost seems custom built for them in fact.

As you may have also noticed, no questions about previous political allegiance are asked at the Papal interview - which is I suppose how the current guy must have slipped through the net, and how Tony plans to do it in about ten years time. No questions, even though one like 'have you ever been a member of a fascist organisation?' would seemingly be quite useful - forget Papal Validity, let's have some quality control.

With your record Tony, I think there's every chance you can become my successor



After all, you have to answer questions like that at customs, and customs only decide where your mortal shell is going. Presumably where the immortal soul is going is more important than that? So why no background check? You wouldn't have a baby-sitter from the KKK, so why a Nazi Pope?

Furthermore, presumably the new Pope will have considerable trouble visiting either the United States or the UK thanks to the new anti terror laws - which bar Nazi war criminals and members of fascist hate

A religion which offers total absolutism based on monetary donations would seem to be attractive to rich, evil people. Particularly rich evil politicians

organisations from entry into either country. In the USA the Office of Special Investigations in New York deals with that kind of thing and hopefully they will do their job and send him back to Austria or wherever.

Interestingly, there is also no reference in the rules for Papal Validity to any kind of actual holiness - a kind of x-factor which would seem to me to be almost the minimum requirement for the position of Pope. I will loosely define holiness here as something like 'unconditional love, wisdom and nurturing for persons of all races, creeds, shapes, colours and sexualities'. This, presumably would not include being a member

of a fascist organisation, which I would imagine would be best described as 'extremely unholy' with the definition of holiness above taken into account. So back to Christmas 2008 at which time the Nazi Pope decreed that the problem of homosexuality was of comparable import to the future of humanity as the problem of the destruction of the Brazilian rainforests. In the light of this new information I think it is fair to state the following:

The Pope, a world religious leader, being a former member of a fascist organisation is in my view more of a problem to the future of humanity than all the gays in the world completely ignoring any kind of conservation work - after all, they aren't going to have kids, so why should they care what happens to the planet, or any of the Catholics?

A bit strong perhaps, but I'm being frank to shock you. Just say we go the other way give him the benefit of the doubt and forget the Hitler Youth thing, and let him go on being Christ's representative on earth, you would think he would stop and reflect on it for a bit before he started pointing the finger at any minority group of people these days. Remember the concentration camps? Apparently no lessons have been learned.

I may not be a Catholic, and I may be gay, but I have never been a member of any fascist organisation and in my view, this point alone means that I, like many of you, am holier than the Pope, which seems incredible.

Hmm, I have a feeling of Deja Vu all of a sudden



Just who can become Pope anyway?

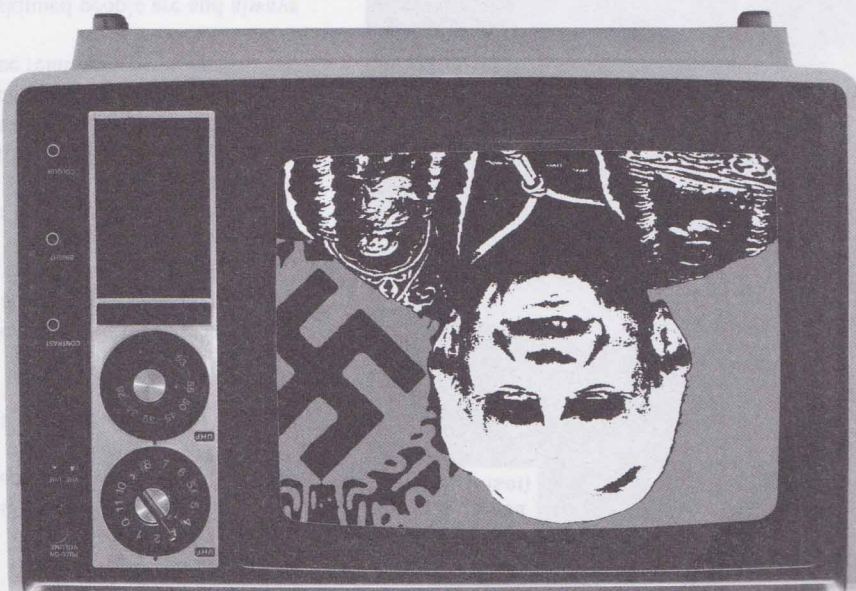
Or

Part Two

Loopholes

for

Looking



Welcome back. We left the last part with me wondering how to fulfil a deal I'd made with the Pope, to save all the gays from hell by some of the gays saving the rainforests in Brazil. Easy. Or so I thought. Quickly, I realised that it would be harder than I first thought - like a curse in a fairy story. The problem was that most of the

gays at all like biting insects or tropical spiders.

Seems the Pope had really thought it through; you had to hand it to him. I

phoned some friends and they all assured me that they would rather spend an eternity in Hell, where it was at least warm, had kinky punishments and where they would be among friends, than save the rainforests. I quickly realised I was fucked.

What was I going to do about conservation? I can't save the Brazilian rainforests, I'm just one man who can't really be bothered. One man, who lives on the second floor of a block of flats in Norwich - which is miles from Brazil. I don't even have a window box to turn into a conservation area. Besides, I don't really like getting muddy.

Then I looked down sadly at my Christmas presents and noticed, almost straight away that I'd been given at least seven magic trees, (which is less of a magic tree and more of a sacred grove really) and decided on the spot to make a conservation area in my flat with the seven magic trees, in the hope to attract elves, nymphs, fairies and other endangered gay creatures... for use in nefarious sexual acts. My system of logic

Last issue **Paul Knight** searched for a technicality to ensure he and other gays avoid burning in Hell for ever more. This issue he examines the criteria for becoming Pope in the first place

was thus; I was doing my bit for conservation, while also providing habitat or 'cruising ground' to other gay creatures.

I couldn't find anything in the Bible which said I couldn't so I took that for a yes on the Heaven question. I was hoping that this I've always felt that Jesus wouldn't have minded who you were rimming - he seems to have been quite a decent sort of chap

wouldn't mar my record with the Pope, mainly because the accepted folklore holds that fairies have no souls, so by rights it shouldn't matter if you engage with one in some kind of mutual homosexual contact, such as anal sex or rimming.

In fact I think I'm right in saying that you could probably rim an elf in a church, say, over the altar during Mass, and still get into Heaven.

I've always felt that Jesus wouldn't have minded who you were rimming - he seems to have been quite a decent sort of chap. If the Pope would only follow Jesus' example of tolerance and universal love, the world would no doubt be a better sort of place;

however, this is unlikely due to the fact that the current Pope was a member of the Hitler Youth, a fascist organisation. And the fascists are not historically known for a philosophy including anything even remotely resembling universal love and tolerance - quite the opposite in fact, which is interesting.

So, the first and most interesting query I have, is that if a former member of a right wing fascist organisation can eventually become Pope, that is to say, God's emissary on Earth, whose pronouncements remember are taken by the faithful to be the actual Word of God, what are the qualifications for being Pope in the first place? Who decides this rubbish? And, can anyone apply?

I did some research and found out the actual rules for Papal Validity, which is apparently a real thing and not a joke. These are:

1. The prospective Pope must be baptised, presumably as a Catholic, though this was unclear in the source I found.
2. The prospective Pope must be male as women are crafty, sullied and evil - unlike St. Augustine who made up the concept of Original Sin - the source of incredible suffering and guilt for many Catholics.

THOSE DOGCONE DONAHUES

OR
What Happens when
Religion Sort of
Inverts in on Itself
and Ends up even
Stranger
by Neil The Art Student

Aaron C. Donahue claims to be a remote viewer. That is, he says that he can see things that are really, really far away, sort of like the Bionic Man. He can see so far away, in fact, that he's seen aliens.

Aaron's put together an interesting body of theories. According to him, God and the angels are alien invaders bent on enslaving humanity, and the demons are actually good guy aliens. Sort of like His Dark Materials meets Neon Genesis Evangelion. You'd probably expect that Aaron's dad, James Donahue, would be shaking his head and wondering where he went wrong as a father, but actually Aaron's theories have been given heavy exposure on James' website, titled - entitled enough - 'The Mind of James Donahue' (<http://www.perdurabo10.com/>). Here are some samples:

"The Christians, who wrongly believe in an external god, stake all of their hopes on a book written by men who were inspired the Mother Earth."

"Angels are constantly putting thoughts into our heads that are not our own. They manipulate the minds of world leaders, and led humans into countless wars, overpopulation, and a general destruction of

by angels to plant a story in the heads of anyone willing to believe it. The chief architect of this book was an archangel that presented itself as the god of the Israelites. He gave himself names like Jehovah and Elohim. He is the same entity the Christians worship."

Elsewhere - (<http://www.perdurabo10.com/id543.html>) speaking terms with some of the aliens, including the intriguingly-named Abba Father:

"Who are the angels and where did they

come from? The answer: They are a powerful race of beings from the Orion constellation of stars that seem to project themselves to Earth. Although the Abba Father said they reside in a ship that hides above the Earth. Like vampires, they just for beings of light. 'They wanted control of all of mankind', our contact said. 'They came here to interfere with love. No one knew about their lust for humans because they (had not created fear at first). But every one of the angelic beings learned that fear was a way to control, so mankind fell into their trap. Here on Earth (angels) are only (invisible) mind control. But on Orion they bear a resemblance to what



For an anti Popoff site:
www.pwmpeterpopoff.wordpress.com

Peter's ads - let us know how you get on.
you all to take up the challenge and answer
was like a never ending Christmas. I'd urge
of a letter a fortnight my time with Peter
just like Peter warned me. With an average
finally managed to "sever our relationship"
Letter 18 was my last letter, I guess the devil
Peter my children's and partner's full names.

Satanic attack. He also wants me to tell
improve and I will be in danger and under
will have tricked me, my life will never
telling me to obey because if I don't Satan
sending Peter £120. God is also personally
money of £29,000. I need to defeat Satan by
going to wash over me, giving me miracle
Prosperity, Miraculous Green Waves are
Using a drop of Holy Green Oil of

Letter 18

live money tree".
Peter with £30 so he can send me a "real
before breaking it and sending half back to
to my head then put it under my pillow
the fact it's a toothpick. I've got to press it
the "powerful anointing" on it makes up for
Aaron's Rod I've been sent is itchy, perhaps
know Aaron is definitely a pixie: the
clothes", I feel like a Barbie doll. I now
"wants to dress (me) up in fine new
this one he says I'll regret it. Bizarrely, God
didn't reply to his last letter, if I don't read
Peter Popoff is getting a bit pissed off that I

Letter 17

inflation is running at 100%.
want £20 instead of £10 - supernatural
memory. One thing has changed: they now
either Peter or God seems to have a bad
personal letter from God I've now got again,
beginning. Which is when I also had the
Well yes I have, in letter 2, right back at the
haven't I already had a tiny jiffy bag of salt?
bag of salt. I've just got to ... Hang on.
others. Mr Popoff has given me a tiny jiffy
will come true and I'll be able to influence
I'll be a money magnet, my wildest dreams
at my disposal and be immune to sickness.
I could soon have "several million dollars"

Letter 16

ing me on the loo.
sion on my face - I think he may be watch-
me sitting in a room with a strained expres-
good fun. Worringly Peter had a vision of
Urgent Prayer of Agreement sheet, which is
have to peel and stick a gold circle onto an
to send £25 and help Peter destroy them. I
still betraying and undermining me, I've got

things at the supermarket. Someone close is
rich soon I won't have to check the price of
fare", but it's looking up - I'm going to be so
I've been subject to "vicious satanic war-

Letter 15

£107.07 first, or he'll rip them up.
sonally but thought it best I send him
going to come and deliver them to me per-
has written 14 prophecies about me, he was
heaven is an insipid pale blue colour. Peter
cloth is in Heaven Blue and I can report that
of when "St Paul fleeced the Lord". The

Letter 14

More cheap cloth, does he own a haberdash-
ery? It's a piece of Miracle New Testament
Anointed Prophet's Shirt in commemoration
of when "St Paul fleeced the Lord". The
back door, tie the Red Blood Cord (the
the water, put the pennies over my front and
magical powder with water and drink it, eat
complicated spell yet. I've got to mix the
and a pretend \$10,000 note - this is the most
cup, a wafer, a piece of wool, two pennies
he has sent me some red powder, a paper
Peter wants me and him to form a covenant:
get murdered when covenants are broken.
Someone is trying to MURDER me! People

Letter 13

again and Peter wants details of my bills.
capitals, Satan has been stealing from me
Seed Gift of £25. God speaks to me again in
needs me to send him a Harvest of Plenty
prayers in the sea of Galilee but first he
from the Tomb of Jesus. He wants to dip my
Security Mail Package and contains Earth
This arrives in an Official Audit Control

Letter 12

ry", even so he still wants £207.
"These are the last seconds of human histo-
Mountain Moving Mustard Seed Faith Soap.
posed to return so he can make me a bar of
and seven mustard seeds which I'm sup-
Peter can keep an eye on me through them,
are two magic mirrors (sort of shiny card) so
cle day has moved, again, and the free gifts
is an evil influence on me, again, the mira-
I am now God's Champion. Someone close

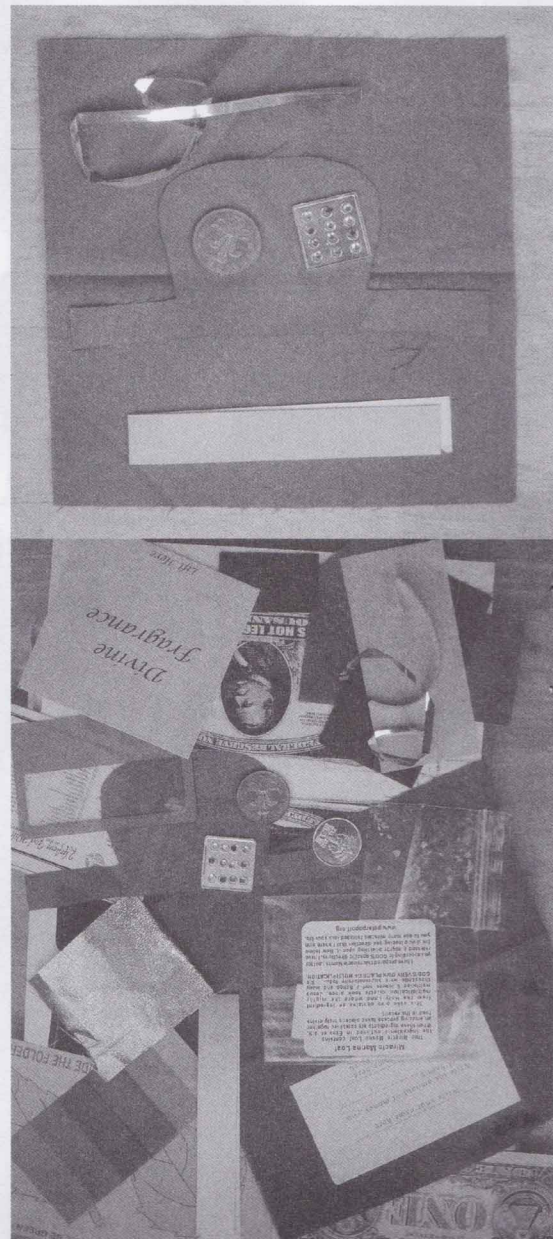
Letter 11

between me and Mr Popoff.
whole future success depends on it staying
anyone about Aaron's tiny bresaplate, my
of Aaron's tiny bresaplate is not to talk to
these and, just like Fight Club, the first rule

Letter 10

again.
confusing. The miracle day has moved
as long as it has a nine in it, which was a bit
going to get worse. Seed money is £5 or £50
because, without Peter's help, things are
intentions towards me, I've got to stop them
be because someone in my kitchen has evil
tant, don't tell anyone about this. This might
throw one in a fish pond and, very impor-
palm, read the letter holding them and
to wash them for nine minutes, rub my
Free gift: Redemption Coins, I'm supposed

Letter 9



GOD GIVES FREE GIFTS

Harry K answers an ad from God's prophet, Peter Popoff, and is dragged into a world of miracles, magic, murder and incessant letter writing



Letter 1

A letter arrives containing Miracle Manna, worryingly it is based on some bread in the Bible that is cooked over human excrement, it looks like a piece of dry chapatti and tastes like cardboard.

Peter has set a miracle date for me and is putting all his energy into helping me get the prosperity back that Satan had stolen from me, bad Satan. I'm going to get property, promotion, new love and more than £2000 a month. All for just £20, which I have to give to 'Prove God'.

I was also supposed to have a Gold and Silver Blessing Bracelet but I couldn't find it at first. The reason I couldn't find it was because the Gold and Silver Blessing Bracelet was a tiny piece of tinsel.

Letter 2

I have now reached a crucial point in my life. Over the next month, waves of intense riches are coming my way and I'll shine with Protoplasmic Light. I've got to act quick and sprinkle the tiny jiffy bag of Prayer Blessed Dead Sea Salt over my tongue and send at least £10 to Peter straight away. If I disobey I'll be chained to misery, but not to worry, it is "more powerful than voodoo" and I've got a guarantee, direct from God, that if I obey Mr Popoff then that money will be mine. He just wants me to give Peter a clue as to what I'm actually praying for by writing it down and sending it to him.

Letter 3

More free gifts! I am now one of Gods team of Potential Millionaires, yay! But Satan has put two of his henchmen on me, to turn people against me and stop my money, boo! Satan is attacking me with indecision because I'm close to a breakthrough, but Peter is helping by speaking in tongues. I'm going up to a New Level of Power and Blessing but sadly the monthly increase I'm supposed to be getting seems to have dropped to £200 - £500 and worse than that the "obedience offering God is requesting" is now £200! I suppose it's because he has to fight off the 10,000 evil spirits after me. The free gift will help against the "awesome forces of Satan working against me" because the free gifts are cardboard leaves I can write on.

Letter 4

It's a double emergency: I've got to get something out of my house in the next 48hrs and Satan is out to destroy me. Luckily Peter has sent me a 'Jesus Blood Red Miracle Apron' which is a bit of cheap red cloth cut into a vague apron shape big enough for a garden gnome. The magic I have to use this time is to put some flour in a small envelope, put the 'apron' in my wallet and send the flour and £20 to Peter. Oh, yes, he also wants my credit card details.

Letter 5

Wahoo, he's sent me a real dollar! I've got yet another date for a miracle and God is writing to me again (He writes in capital letters), also Peter has had to shout at Satan for stopping me make the right decision. I've got to write 'In God we trust' on the dollar and send off £49 and the dollar.

Letter 6

Three of the miracle dates have now passed. I'm now in line for £15,000 and he has sent me some more bits of cloth, this time they are Anointed Point of Contact Agreement Prayer Cloths and I've got to make sure no one else touches them. The world is in turmoil as we are now in the end times - which is time to become incredibly rich, only Prophet Popoff knows how. First I've got to hold the blue cloth for health, then the red

Letter 7

As before, there are pages and pages of Peter's ramblings. The last miracle date has been and gone, so I've now been given another to look forward to, then I'll see where Satan has hidden the loot he stole from me... as God pulls back the curtains! For this I need to give Peter £20 and scratch and sniff the enclosed perfume card, anointed with Supernatural Creative Prosperity Force. This divine aroma is supposed to remind me of my godly millionaire status, it reminds me of primary school and cheap soap.

Letter 8

By now I'm just opening the envelopes and tipping them upside down to see what the free gifts are. This one is a plastic magnifying glass to keep me focussed and a tiny blessings card you need the magnifier to read. This letter has a bit written by Jesus himself, it's pretty intelligible. My miracle day has moved, again, and then I'll move home. Maybe my lack of faith is a blessing blocker. £35 should clear it.

Yes, while all the shows are plugging their books ('be blessed by buying this book') and DVDs (be powerfully blessed with this DVD if you donate £30), prayers for £20 or Bibles at £65, there is free fun to be had. In Don Stewart's live shows everyone is waving a green bit of magic cloth, these are his Green Prosperity Handkerchiefs, ringing the number and you'll get one yourself, put it on your tumour to heal it, put it in your wallet: 'debts cancelled, finances multiplied' but don't forget to return it to Don with your seed money. Others have red hankies, one 'red from Jesus' blood' is a Prayer Handkerchief or in the words of the preacher a Prankerchief. Send for yours now.

sides to God TV: free stuff!

you have left.

God has to obey your requests because he made this rule and even God can't break his own rules. Money is God's tool to prove you trust him. In fact God loves the wealthy, not the poor, he also loves jewellery because, well, the gates of heaven are pearly! This is why they hate the New Age so much, they are rivals for gullible people's money. Of course, they might not be gullible; I feel my tumour going down' and 'I now have a \$130,000 miracle' are totally unbelievable.

A rant about Iran merges into the tinkling of pianos as he starts to segway into a song: 'Jesus was nailed to the Cross for me...'

Some of the religious shows are pure shopping channel, spending half an

mate shopping show: send in your prayer seed, get nothing in return. It is brilliant. 'See areas of your life improve' is voiced over pictures of yachts and new cars as you need to send £66.17 because it mentions money in Psalm 66.17. Sometimes you should pay a tithe (10% of your income) but if that isn't working then believe more: give 25%! After all it's God's key to

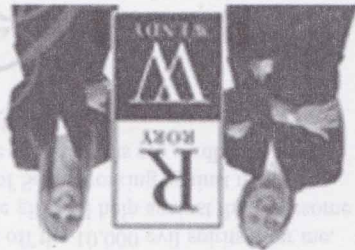
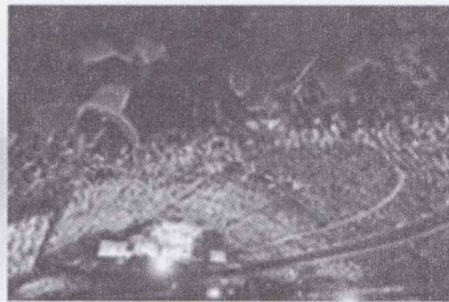
your abundance.

These preachers are great to watch,

ed variety act performers. A rant about
tran merges into the tinkling of pianos
as he starts to segway into a song:
"Jesus was nailed to the Cross for me..."

a song that runs the gamut from the classic throw-their-walking-sticks-away stuff before the

Blues Brothers backed up, but he also has one of the great interactive fun



the praise-a-thons are whole weeks of this sort of stuff, so back to God TV, and their jubilee week is raising the millions, counted by the tick-over tally in the top corner. People's prayer requests, paid for with a seed donation, are piled up on the altar (a table in the phone line office) while a preacher tells you to reach out to the TV as they bless the prayers, he's shouting out of the TV "We are the only people on Earth, and probably on TV, to have the power to pray angels and blessings into your life... you need to sign that cheque right now... God said to me that the minute you phone in your seed, your business will expand" then Rory says "go on Wendy". Wendy takes over and begins to whip herself into a preaching frenzy, "Angels are waiting to snatch you pledge...kneel before your TV screens", until she's gabbling in a made up language and they all start shaking their heads and gabbling, louder and louder, until the communal orgasm is over: welcome to God TV, you'll never be bored again. We're now launching ~~new~~ ~~never~~ Ministries, send your tithes to us at the normal address.

the same mad people pop up all over the channels and when not the same people then the same ideas. The Nephilim are returning (no not the band you sad goth - sort of giants or fallen angels) and the Rephaim (a bit like the Nephilim) have never left Gaza which is why there are so many evil people there. Russia and Iran are Gog and Magog (biblical kings or something) and are going to attack Israel and start the apocalypse that will lead to war between China and Europe, whose leader is the Antichrist that wants to subdue the USA.

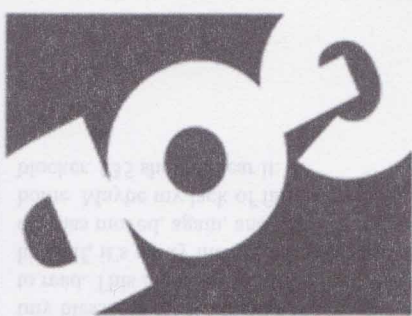
Father Jack.

Prosperity Preaching

When you watch this, and you must, it's obvious where Bush's foreign policy came from. After all 'the patriot missile is the word of God' and Iran is a big devilish boogey man that could attack America by getting a boat, sailing up to the USA coast and invading from the sea.

This is a fantastic idea and basically boils down to this:

It you give money to the preacher, 'seed money', then God will give you more money, up to a hundred times what you gave the preacher. 'Get rid of that spirit of poverty.' This is the best pyramid scheme ever. Of course, if God doesn't cough up then maybe you don't believe enough or you just need to improve your belief by giving more, even raiding your grocery money if that's all



God TV

Harry K takes a look at the amazing
excitable freaks that present the shows on
Christian television stations

Times are obviously here and pestilence
is upon us and one sign of the apoca-
lypse is...there is now salmonella in
peanut butter? God Save Us!

There are a number of religious chan-
nels on Sky (for those still on analogue
or with freeview style boxes you are
missing out big time!). Some of the
channels' production values are shoddy
and trying to find stuff on these chan-
nels sucks as nothing seems to be on
when it says it is, although this can
throw up lucky dips, I saw an excellent-
ly awful B-movie apocalyptic film, The
Prodigal Planet, when I was looking for
a preacher promising to cure people
from generational curses (if your great
grandma sinned then you now have a
curse or a demon that only a minister
from a made up church can get rid of).
Most of the channels are Pentecostal
but there's a dull one and a Catholic
one for the nun lovers, where you can
watch mass and occasionally a mad
Irish preacher that looks the spit of

The wailing is a bit of a laugh but the
gigs are not a patch on the mad people
interviews. If, like me, you love con-

If your great grandma sinned
then you now have a curse or a
demon that only a minister
from a made up church can get
rid of

spitacy theories, it's chock a block with
them: UFO's, alien abductions and crop
circles are something to do with fallen
angels (I couldn't quite work out what
and the Credit Crunch is a KGB plan,
(actually it's a bankers plan to control
the government, or a government plan
to control the banks, or sort of both: the
banks and communists joining together
to run the world - whatever, it all
means the End Times are a coming).
This is a recurring theme, the End

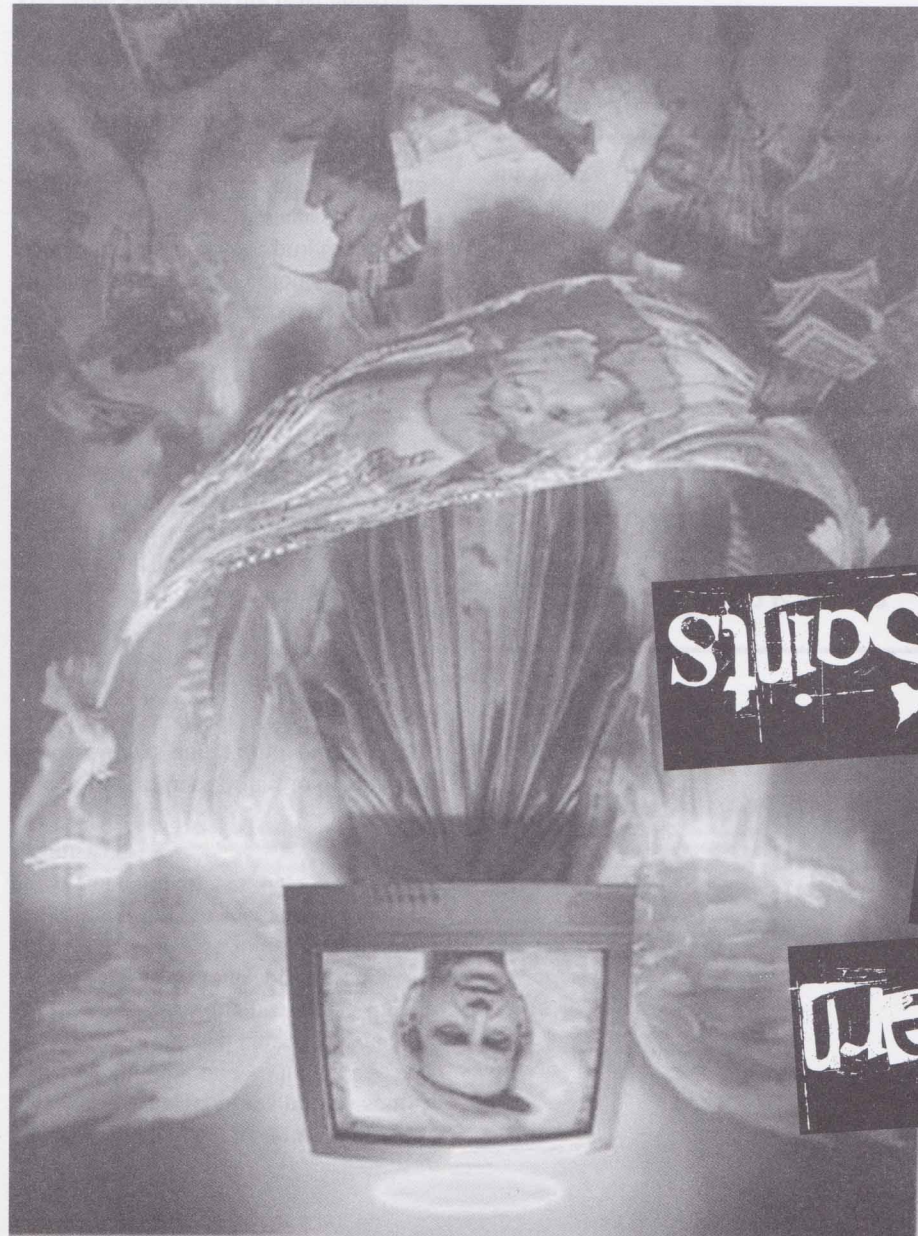
Back in *Now or Never!* #11 one
of our reporters put his soul
on the line by visiting a
Pentecostal church to watch
the fire and brimstone preaching, the
bucket rattling and the speaking in
tongues. If you wish to enjoy the fun
for yourself but are scared you might be
outed as an unbeliever, then God TV is
the answer.

God TV is brilliant. It has to be one of
the best things on TV; in fact this is
why TV was created.

Yes there really is a channel called God
TV, it really is the TV God wants to
watch. There are other Religious chan-
nels, and this piece will look at those as
well, but God TV is the slickest of the
lot. It's run by Rory and Wendy Alec,
who look like failed eighthies pop star
throwbacks, although in her eyes,
Wendy has an intensity approaching
madness.

The channel is like Fox News, every ten
minutes is marked by colourful adverts
of war and disaster. The programmes
are a mix of footage of stage events,
adverts for their books, interviews with
mad people, adverts for the same books,
preaching from big churches, adverts
for other preachers' books and big, all
week long, Praise-a-thons.

The stage events are the least entertain-
ing; they're often for 'the youth' and
backed by rubbish bands. The young-
sters get carried away, like they should
at a gig, but put that down to Jesus
instead of hormones. You've probably
been to gigs where the band doesn't cut
it and a band member starts haranguing
the crowd to 'make some fucking
noise', this is even better because if the
crowd is slow, then the young teenagers
and pre teens are told they need to let
go ('throw off the devil' and 'show how
much you want Jesus... for the day of
the Lord is here') by an adult preacher
getting his rocks off on stage as the kids
wave their arms for him and wait for



Modern Day TV Saints

Harry K provides a glossary of the movers and shakers in the prosperous world of TV evangelists

Rory and Wendy Alec

Failed South African commercial advertisers (whose clients included Pizza Hut) who then failed at music promotion, before failing at exporting fraudulent gold from Ghana, now incredibly successful at running God TV. Buy their books from the God shop.

Pat Robertson

Set up the first Christian cable network, ran for president a couple of times, has predicted the end of the world more than once and had a million dollar investment in a Liberian gold mine under the dictatorship of Charles Taylor.

Jimmy Swaggart

Ranted against Ozzy Osborne for being the Devil, before being caught with a prostitute and crying on TV for forgiveness, then got caught with another prostitute a few years later. Ozzy's 'Miracle Man' song is about this hypocrite. Now Jimmy is back with his preaching variety show.

Don Stewart

Worked for religious trickster Asa Alan (who kept pickled demons in jars, raised people from the dead and faked religious markings on his body) in his ministry and when Asa died from alcoholism he took over the business. Classic style charlatan millionaire; calls out people from the audience so they can throw away their wheelchairs (often given to them as they arrive). This is usually due to his magic Green Hankies. 'Hold the holy cloth to the TV... If you have cancer - ring the number and get your handkerchief.' 0871 241 5750.

Peter Popoff

Another classic style charlatan millionaire; knocking people onto the floor with his healing power. His main trick is knowing their names and ailments because 'there is an angel on your shoulder telling me'. The fact that James Randi used a radio scanner to expose the angels to be his wife, telling him info gleaned from pre show prayer requests via a secret earpiece, does not seem to have stopped him.

Benny Hinn

Like many preachers he is so successful, not just in a millionaire way by selling crappy gold plated necklaces on his show for £100, but because this stuff really works! He has cast out 'cancer causing demons', it's just a shame then that investors from Dateline in America followed this up and found people who had claimed they were cured by God and Benny Hinn dying a few months later, of cancer.

Credo Dollar

Millionaire Credo's church keeps computer tabs on its members, if they don't keep paying the 10% then they're ostracised and told they're vulnerable to harm by the devil: pay us or the devil will break your legs. And where does the money go? It's good to raise a million dollars for the ministers because that way you are 'honouring the men of God'.

A family holiday inside your mind?

As the credit crunch bites harder, fuel prices skyrocket and gull about your carbon footprint builds up, you could be tempted to take psychedelic drugs.

Fuel surcharges are making exotic trips harder to afford and holidays closer to home can be pretty depressing (you're up a mountain, you're in Wales, you're alone, the sheep have surrounded your tent...). Even an unexciting road trip from London to Cornwall is going to set you back a hefty hunk of notes, that's not including the cash you'll have to spend on planting trees to offset all the carbon dioxide you've pumped out into the atmosphere.

It's not going to be long before holidays abroad just aren't worth it.

But, with magic mushrooms sprouting out of the ground willy nilly and LSD retailing at around £3 a pop, a psychedelic journey through your mind could work out cheaper than a return bus ticket to town!

Choose your own adventure...

B Your kids love it and everything's great. You're flying over India on a Persian rug and all the elephants are waving at you and dancing. Woohoo! But then you have a moment of clarity: you realise you are a terrible parent! You've just given your young children powerful psychedelic drugs! What a dick. You're such a dick. BSD

A It takes you ages to make the bicycle-car and you burn your left hand with an arc welder. Then when you're 13 hours into the cycle-drive to Cornwall you get hit by an out of control lorry. You escape with a broken arm, a broken leg and a cracked rib but the rest of your family all die! Gutted.

If you decide to collect the mushrooms and feed them to your family in porridge go to B.

If you decide to build a large bicycle-car like Paul and Barry in The Chuckle Brothers, then ride to Cornwall in it with your family, go to A.

If you decide to build a large bicycle-car like Paul and Barry in The Chuckle Brothers, then ride to Cornwall in it with your family, go to A.

If you decide to build a large bicycle-car like Paul and Barry in The Chuckle Brothers, then ride to Cornwall in it with your family, go to A.

If you decide to build a large bicycle-car like Paul and Barry in The Chuckle Brothers, then ride to Cornwall in it with your family, go to A.

LSD

ADVENTURE



Surely these practices are simply preying on the most vulnerable and credulous members of society? All of which brings me neatly to my next point; that those who are attracted to the warmth and community of Christian circles tend not to have had very much luck with anyone else.

The fact that even by now in my late thirties I've never managed to get laid is generally openly mocked in normal society; however at Church it is a positive boon - it turns out that it's not that I am physically and mentally repulsive at all. In fact, it is because I'm pure, and it is you that is repulsive.

Sex is repulsive - I mean, heterosexual sex can be tolerated because it makes babies for Jesus, but homo sex is just plain evil. Not having sex gives me much more time to run (my fingers over the) the Church Youth Group.

The best thing of all about this is that now I can swan around the planet being smug because I've been saved. Happily, this allows me to openly disapprove of anyone who hasn't been. No matter how many times they tell me I'm mentally ill, I'll just smile and know that Jesus is waiting for me in Heaven, with Mother and all the happy little singing children (apart from the abortions).

Even though there's no actual proof, it's a scientific fact that Jesus was the Son of God, and that the Bible is the direct word of God, and has never been tampered with in any way, by anybody, ever. That's right, not ever.

Sometimes, I like to go and shout in the street and see if I can save some souls, and no, I don't think that it's condescending in the least to tell someone that I'll pray for them, they should be pleased; I think it's definitely my place to go out of my way to tell them. Of course I'm right, how dare you? These are my beliefs; you can't tell me I'm ignorant. I'm not. You are. See?"

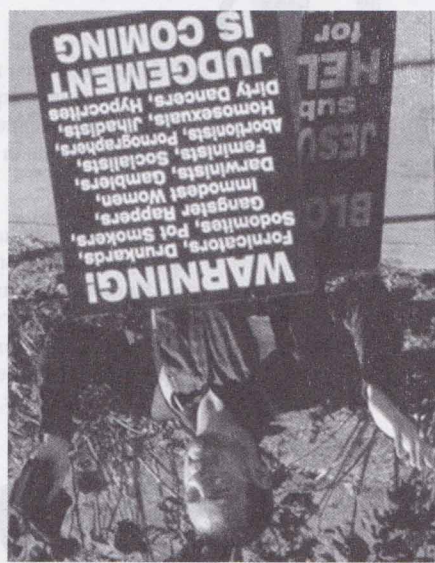
In the end, any kind of factual argument is like water off a ducks back to these people - I just resent the notion that they are still allowed to spread their hateful message in a world which has moved on, simply because it is their belief. I believe all Christians should be soundly thrashed, and sent on their way to the afterlife, but apparently this is not acceptable, though it is apparently acceptable that these pious fuck nuggets can come and knock at my door and tell me I'm evil, and I'm not allowed to do anything about it.

Most psychologists would no doubt agree that most of the symptoms of paranoid schizophrenia are exactly the same as the symptoms of a religious experience.

I found myself talking to a Born Again Christian at the first Norwich Gay Pride Festival recently. He was there protesting at the gays with a sandwich board which read 'the wages of sin is death' or something very similar, which seemed like some kind of threat. The sign was what had attracted me to him in the first place. I wanted to know what his problem was. I can paraphrase his position as follows:

"My imaginary friend is great. When I'm scared, which is very often, I like to talk to him. Sometimes, I like to imagine that he answers me. If I imagine this very hard, sometimes I convince myself, and that makes me feel both good and superior to you. Even though I have a very miserable life, which I try not to think about, my imaginary friendship gives it some kind of meaning, which I like, otherwise I start to think about how small and insignificant I really am, and how miserable my life really is.

Like many people who think like me, I haven't been outlandishly socially successful, but that's ok, my imaginary friend doesn't mind that I'm overwhelmingly drab and tedious or that I am lacking in basic social skills, which is really handy. He doesn't even mind if I don't wash, he just loves me



At the very best, this seems to be wishful thinking, at worst, just an outright lie spread about by fat, cross-dressing commens to make you give them money and/or complete control over your earthly life. I am reminded at this point of various American televangelists who claim that God will accept Visa, but not American Express.

If I came up to you in the street and told you that God required you to donate money to me, you would no doubt laugh before knocking me to the ground, and quite rightly too. Why then is this allowed on television?

I think the thing I have always found most generally offensive about Christianity is the insistence that you are born evil and must try to redeem yourself in some way in order to bargain your way into some hypothetical afterlife; the implication being that if you are a good little person it will not matter how miserable your life is on Earth, as you will receive your reward in Heaven.

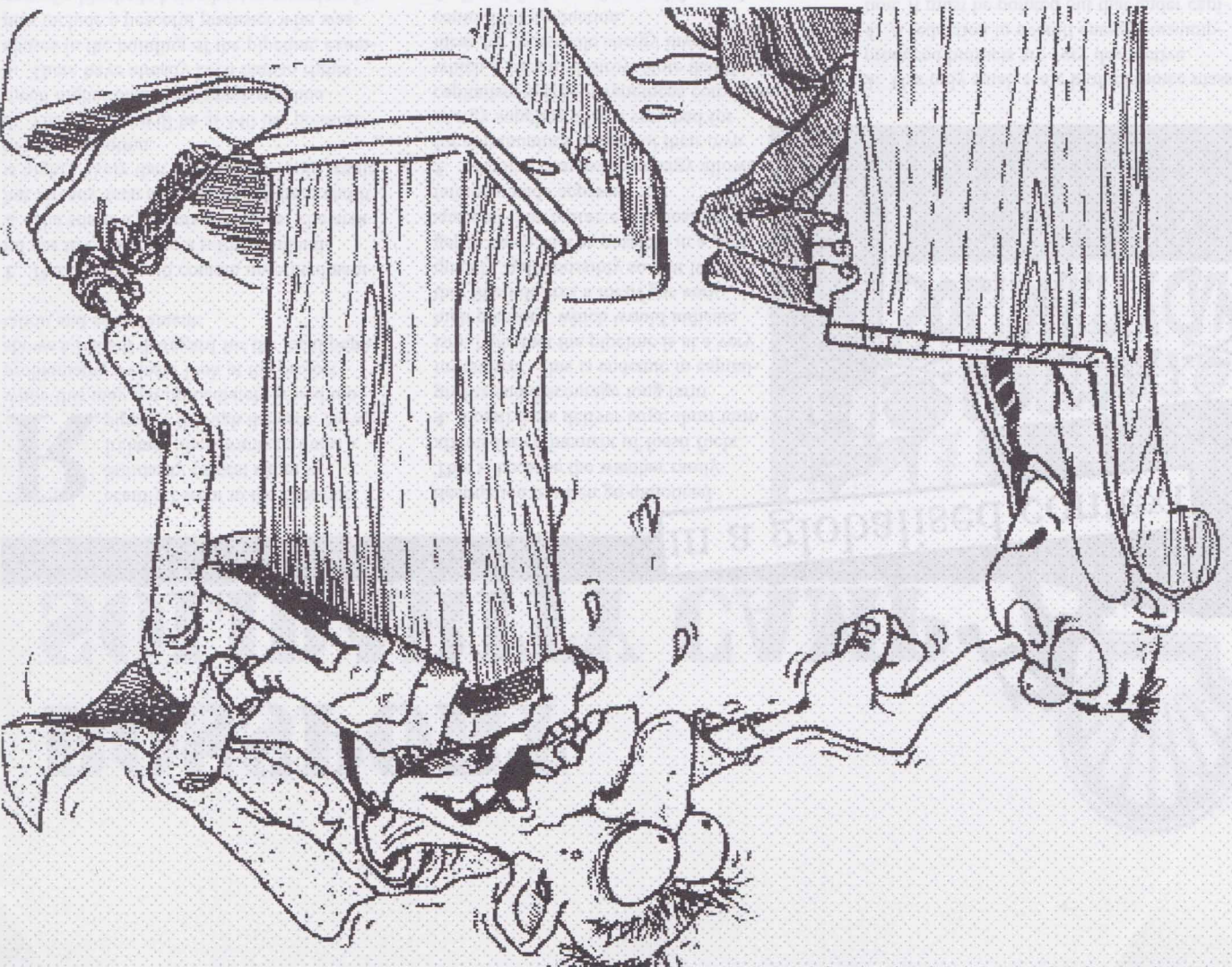
At the very best, this seems to be wishful thinking, at worst, just an outright lie spread about by fat, cross-dressing commens to make you give them money and/or complete control over your earthly life. I am reminded at this point of various American televangelists who claim that God will accept Visa, but not American Express.

If I came up to you in the street and told you that God required you to donate money to me, you would no doubt laugh before knocking me to the ground, and quite rightly too. Why then is this allowed on television?

This was not the end of it however. The incident which really destroyed my faith was at a Christmas party when a simpering, holier than thou wife of an acquaintance of mine put her head on one side and smiled as she told me that she was very sorry for me and that I was definitely going to Hell. I wanted to pound her face in with an ashtray at the time, and in fact still do. I think she was just sore because her husband and only married her because she looked like a young boy.

asked a pretty relevant question, and stand sweet and childlike I was. In fact, I think I by it. Nobody has ever given me a decent answer...

WHAT WOULD JUDAS DO?



Christians tend to be a
dubious bunch at the best
of times. Paul Knight
suggests they should try
that bit harder to follow
the example of their Lord
& Saviour

I've been asked to write something about Jesus for the *Now or Never!* Jesus Special, however, I have become stuck at the first hurdle - what can one write on the subject of Jesus which has never been said before?

I should start off by saying that I don't really have any trouble with Jesus, who seems to have been a pretty decent sort of chap for the times he lived in, if indeed he ever exist-

ed in the first place. My problem (and I definitely have one) is with Christians in general, who, far from being like Jesus, or even trying to emulate Him, seem to be a miserable, hypocritical pack of fucks to say the very, very least.

My own experience of Christians has been ultimately frustrating and extremely negative - seldom have I run into a good one - though there have been notable exceptions. The first among which was my old art teacher and Born Again Christian primemaker Robert Cox who was instrumental in my not being thrown out of school for various anarchic infractions, and who taught me more about art at A-level than I learned in three years of a BA course in Cultural Studies at Norwich School of Art and Design. Rob, unfortunately, is not going to like almost everything I have ever written as an adult, a fact which I'm sorry about as his opinion was always something I look very seriously at. I just can't agree with him on the faith bit.

I have very little faith, either in myself or

others - so little that it actually scares some people - I just don't agree with labelling any statement as true until there is some sort of proof, and nowhere, no matter who I ask or what I read is there any actual hard proof of any of Christianity's afterlife based claims, and this seems to be a key area for them. Basically, according to my sources, you have to stop asking questions and just either believe it or not. And I don't.

No matter how they spin it, somewhere along the line you have to make that leap of faith in which you just take it as read that Jesus was the son of God and died for our sins, something which seems to be some kind of mental illness as far as I understand it, and I have really tried.

Many of you will no doubt be surprised to learn that I considered becoming a Vicar at one time, but my experiences with actual Christians put me right off it. I still think it would be the easiest job in the world by far. Apparently, when I was about four, I asked our Vicar what he did for his real job, which made everyone laugh about how naive and

ROSSPORT

SOLIDARITY CAMP



in a globalised context

Recently I went to the Rossport Solidarity protest camp in Ireland. Shell wants to build a pipeline through the area. Now, while this may not immediately sound too problematic, a closer look at the project shows a blatant disregard for the local population and environment:

1. The pipeline will contain unrefined natural gas to be piped to a refinery inland.
2. The site is a conservation area. The area has already seen aluminium pollution and it is highly likely that the pipeline could result in more pollution.
3. The pipeline will be at 340 bar pressure - much higher than the average pipeline.
4. There have already been human rights abuses in the building of the pipeline, examples include a peaceful protester who was part of a blockade being beaten senseless by masked men. A local fisherman had his ship sunk by masked men who boarded his ship.

Protesters have received heavy sentences for misdeemeanours from a judge who is married to a national politician who has given their backing to the pipeline.

5. Ireland will receive nothing from this pipeline, all profits will go to oil companies. Normally countries receive something for the natural resources near their coasts, indicating corruption.

The story of Rossport is not unusual, there have also been cases of corruption and environmental damage throughout the World by oil companies. Nigeria and the Amazon are just two examples amongst others. We need to work towards a sustainable and just society, as well as benefiting corrupt dictators and oil companies, fossil fuels threaten the environment and are not a long term solution. Despite the obvious problems, using fossil fuels is a convenient and lazy option which offers some short term benefits:

1. Fossil fuels require heavy industry for the extraction, etc. which helps companies involved in heavy industry.
2. Fossil fuels make it very easy to run a centralised society as there is a limited supply of them and the distribution requires a very complex and centralised structure.
3. Fossil fuels result in people being out of touch with the environment, allowing its

For society to become truly sustainable, capitalism will need to be replaced by a more just and efficient system

It is clear that we are heavily dependent on fossil fuels; however it would not be as difficult as people suggest to wean ourselves off them. Nuclear power, along with its associated dangers, is also a finite resource, so offers no real solution. For society to become truly sustainable, capitalism will need to be replaced by a more just and efficient system, however, in the meantime there are steps that can be taken to move forward:

1. Promote permaculture and the adoption of a vegan/vegetarian diet, since raising animals takes up a lot of land, etc. Also eat locally grown produce, or grow your own on an allotment.
2. Create localised sources of energy, owned by communities and appropriate to the natural environment.
3. Fossil fuels are also used for products such as pesticides and fertilisers, such use is also unsustainable and ecologically destructive. Fertilisers and pesticides make it easier ideas for renewable energy involve large scale destruction to often go unnoticed. This is because the weather rarely affects the refinement of fossil fuels. Fossil fuels deliver large short term profits and discourage long term investment. This is endemic in capitalism. Note that the pipeline is at a very high pressure, which would indicate that Shell desires a lot of gas very quickly, quite possibly so that it can get as much fuel as possible in a short space of time before ecological devastation is made apparent.
5. Localised renewable energy allows for communities to control their own energy supplies, this is very bad for capitalism since it strengthens communities, which it tries to destroy. Note that the current ideas for renewable energy involve large centralised production.
6. Fossil fuels are also used for products such as pesticides and fertilisers, such use is also unsustainable and ecologically destructive. Fertilisers and pesticides make it easier ideas for renewable energy involve large scale destruction to often go unnoticed. This is because the weather rarely affects the refinement of fossil fuels. Fossil fuels deliver large short term profits and discourage long term investment. This is endemic in capitalism. Note that the pipeline is at a very high pressure, which would indicate that Shell desires a lot of gas very quickly, quite possibly so that it can get as much fuel as possible in a short space of time before ecological devastation is made apparent.
5. Localised renewable energy allows for communities to control their own energy supplies, this is very bad for capitalism since it strengthens communities, which it tries to destroy. Note that the current ideas for renewable energy involve large scale destruction to often go unnoticed. This is because the weather rarely affects the refinement of fossil fuels. Fossil fuels deliver large short term profits and discourage long term investment. This is endemic in capitalism. Note that the pipeline is at a very high pressure, which would indicate that Shell desires a lot of gas very quickly, quite possibly so that it can get as much fuel as possible in a short space of time before ecological devastation is made apparent.

3. Use only small scale biofuels since mass produced biofuels are very destructive.
4. A reduction in overall energy consumption. It must be pointed out that under capitalism this is very difficult since capitalism requires constant growth in order to survive. Thus even if we assume that technologies come out that save energy, due to increases in the usage of the appliances there will be increases in energy consumption. Since we rely on finite resources, constant growth is a really bad idea.
5. Make better quality products which are built to last, not break after a few years so that people can sell some more of whatever it is.
6. Greater use of public transport, powered sustainably instead of the current mass car usage that we see today. Given the dire state of our railways, it would appear buses would be a better option in the short term. Or use a bike.
7. Make our roads bicycle friendly.

It is worthwhile to point out that quite a lot of these things do not interest our politicians because they challenge the status quo or using centralised methods are too costly. We will have to create these solutions ourselves if we want them. We can't afford to wait for a revolution before tackling these issues, therefore we must embrace necessary reforms whilst constantly pushing revolutionary ideals. Examples including starting a Critical Mass or Transition Towns group, if they do not exist in your area. CHARLIE ROE

Editorial

We've consistently given religion a hard time with in the pages of *Now or Never*, so it should come as no big surprise that we're publishing a Jesus special, looking at the man himself and more specifically the religion he inspired. Our writers have taken different approaches to the subject matter with varying degrees of criticism. Some see Christianity as an anachronistic oddity, whilst others believe it to be a very real danger to the world.



Also featuring prominently in this issue is fascism, something all our contributors are united in their distaste for. The BNP, who saw the election of their candidates to the European Parliament for the first time, of course get much attention. Plus, there are some Nazistastic reviews of DVDs and obscure dodgy publications to get your teeth stuck into.

Finally - couldn't afford a family holiday this year? Perhaps LSD could provide a credit crunch busting option. Check out our LSD Adventure guide.

Tug Wilson
Editor

Regular Contributors

Ann Arch
Potted history and liberal musings.

Hairy Jim
Erstwhile esteemed Daily Mail journalist, now scrapes a living writing for *Now or Never* and the Daily Star.

Harry K
Cheese rolling and wicker owl expert. Distribution and web wizardry.

Mike
Artwork. artboy@blueyonder.co.uk.

Nellie
Possible future *Now or Never* matriarch. Defending anarchist values amidst a hegemony of schoolboy tomfoolery.

Bump Gashet
Sports, and political "analysis".

Gwen Stanley
Environment, rural affairs and land rights correspondent.

Rob Cross
Ageing environmental activist punk, stuck in a 1977 time warp.

Piskie
Gonzo journalist and Nordic correspondent.

Rick
The reason anger management and AA meetings were invented.

Paul Knight
Aesthete, gourmet and accredited discordian priest, purveyor of performance art wank.

Pilsbury
Founder of BAMBI.

Youth Section
Bungalow bitch. www.youthsection.org.

Tug Wilson
Editor. General bossy boots and whip crack-er. editor@nowornever.org.uk

Scumbalina
Sub Editor, graphics design, plagiarist and space filler.

BSD
A medium sized edible sea snail.

Renato Stumpo
Artwork. Estranged18@aol.com

Write For Us

Sell *Now or Never* in the street, at demos, to your friends and work mates and earn yourself some extra cash. Perhaps you have a shop or a stall? For 5 copies of the current issue send us £7.50 (cheques payable to *Now or Never*). Other quantities available.

Sales

PO Box 487,
Thorpe Road Mail Centre,
Norwich, NR5 8WE.
07528 655941.
enquiries@nowornever.org.uk
www.nowornever.org.uk
www.myspace.com/
noworneverpaper

Advertise

To discuss advertising rates please get in touch with us.

Contact: enquiries@nowornever.org.uk

Contact: editor@nowornever.org.uk

We welcome articles on any subject, up to 2,000 words in length. You don't have to be the best writer in the world - we're mostly interested in what you have to say.

We prefer to receive contributions via email or on a disc/CD, however we also accept hand written/typed articles.

Contact: sales@nowornever.org.uk

noworneverpaper

www.myspace.com/

www.nowornever.org.uk

07528 655941.

Norwich, NR5 8WE.

Thorpe Road Mail Centre,

PO Box 487,

Subscribe

UK - £10 for 5 issues
Europe - £20 for 5 issues
Rest of World - £30 for 5 issues

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Start with Issue Number.....

Please make cheques payable to:

Now or Never

Now or Never!

"Misrepresents anarchism more than any punk with a circled A on their jacket"

Features

6 What Would Judas Do?

Christians are a bunch of self-righteous hypocrites.

10 God TV

Does God really have a TV channel? Yes, and he wants your money!

12 Peter Popoff

Harry K responds to an evangelist's TV ad and is bombarded with dodgy letters.

14 Those Doggone Donahues

A father & son relationship hasn't been this dysfunctional since that whole God & Jesus crucifixion thing.

16 Looking for Loopholes Part 2

Conclusion of Paul Knight's Pope saga.

20 Skeletons in the Closet

The British electorate have voted some Nazis into the European Parliament. Oh, brilliant.

22 Jerusalem

William Blake's hymn deconstructed.

24 Jesus Nuts Across The Web

Mad Christians on the internet, obviously.

26 Valentine's Day

Will Paul Knight find love at a local singles' night?

30 Nine Daisies Wonder

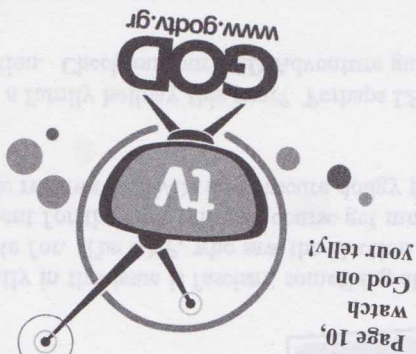
Tudor bigot dances from London to Norwich, before jumping over a wall.

Page 26,
Valentine's Day
re-branded



Also in this Issue

5	Rosport Solidarity Camp
8	LSD Adventure
9	Modern Day TV Saints
28	BNP in Norwich
29	Farrakhan's RIP
34	Militant Atheism
36	History in a Nutshell
37	Rick's Rants
38	Old Whinger's Corner
39	Hairy Jim
40	Reviews



Page 16,
Evil
Popes

Page 6,
Have Christians
missed the point?

Please Jesus.
Protect me
from your
followers.



Page 20,
BNP MEPs



Crucifixion

A Beginner's Guide to...

1

Crucifixion is believed to first have been used by the Persians, long before the Romans perfected the technique to maximise pain and humiliation. It was used as a method of execution for the lowest of all criminals. The only Roman citizens to be punished this way were deserters from the army.

2

Before each crucifixion, the criminal would be scourged. This was a particularly cruel form of flagellation where small metal balls, sheep bones or other objects were fastened to leather thongs on a whip and used to devastate the victim. Victims were beaten this way almost to the point of death. They were then made to carry the patibulum (crossbar) to the point of execution.

3

Awaiting at the site of execution may be a representative of a Jewish women's association who in an act of charity would offer the victim a mixture of wine and myrrh as a mild painkiller. The victim's wrists would be nailed to the patibulum, as hands cannot support the body's weight. This would then be raised to rest on the stipe (vertical section of the cross). Their heels would then be nailed to the cross.

4

The scourging and carrying of the patibulum would have rendered the victim very weak from blood loss and they'd probably be in a state of shock and exhaustion. Once on the cross the victim would be supporting all their weight on their arms, this would make breathing very difficult. Shallow breaths were possible but every now and then the victim would need to raise themselves on their feet to exhale properly. The movement from this would cause excruciating pain in both the legs and wrists. The wounds from the scourging would also be pushed against the rough post causing further pain and blood loss. The pain from this would force the victim back down, where they would eventually suffocate.

5

Death by crucifixion would take anywhere from several hours to a few days. The body would be left on the cross to be eaten by predatory animals, unless it was claimed by a family member for burial. Before removal from the cross, the body would be pierced with a spear to ensure death had occurred.

DOWN AT NEVER!

Fighting Molotov and Hell-bitch...

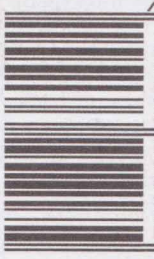
Issue 16 - £2.50

**JESUS!
ACID!
NAZIS!**



Crucifixion - God TV - Gays vs The Pope II - What Would Judas Do? - Morris Dancing - The BNP - Farrah Fawcett RIP - Militant Atheism - LSD Holiday ...plus the usual news, reviews and more

ISSN 1757-3815



9 771757 381001